The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* December *will be noticed in the* January *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th January *in the* February *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

As we intimated some time ago, the *Strand Magazine*, which has hitherto eschewed serials, is to attempt a new departure. The first serial published will be by Dr. Conan Doyle, and will be entitled "Rodney Stone." It is a picture of English life in the days of the Regency, and is said to be full of graphic passages, among the best bits being a description of a prize fight.

When Dr. George Macdonald finished his book "Lilith," he fully expected it would be his last work. He has now returned to his home at Bordighera, and is conscious of an access of vigour. In consequence, he has begun to write a new story.

Sir John R. Robinson, of the *Daily News*, has been in the habit during his long journalistic career of recording his more notable experiences. He has now four manuscript volumes filled with good stories, and it is much to be hoped that a selection of them will soon be given to the public. It will be very different indeed from the ordinary book of reminiscences.

Mr. Knowles, the editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, requested Mr. A. P. Watt to reply to the article which appeared there entitled "Author, Agent, and Publisher." Mr. Watt declined to do so, but articles will appear by Sir W. M. Conway, Chairman of the Society of Authors, and Sir Walter Besant. Sir Walter Besant describes his experience of agents.

Mr. Crockett, who has lately been the guest of Lord Rosebery at Dalmeny, is to visit the Marquis of Breadalbane at Taymouth, partly with the view of inspecting some interesting records preserved at the Castle.

Professor Saintsbury's work on the History of English Literature in the Nineteenth Century has been somewhat delayed by his appointment to the Edinburgh chair, but it is expected to be ready early in 1896.

Another recruit to the Scottish school is the author of a story, "Redburn," published anonymously by Mr. Gardiner of Paisley. We understand that the author is a Presbyterian minister in Haddingtonshire, and that he has a new work ready, which will probably appear early next year.

Mr. John Davidson is said to have received £35 for his recent verses in Phil May's *Annual*.

The New York *World* says that a copy of the first edition of "Vanity Fair," presented by Mr. Thackeray to Charlotte Brontë and bearing an inscription, has recently been purchased by a London journalist at the moderate price of 6s. In reality the book bought was "Esmond," and the price paid was £20.

The question of Authors, Agents, and Publishers, discussed by Mr. Laurie in a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century*, attracts considerable attention. The action of publishers is really the determining feature. We can say on the best authority that many London publishers, when they see a successful new book advertised, write to the author and press him to issue his next book through their house. Sometimes this may be done by a dozen publishers at a time, and of course these gentlemen are quite within their rights. Neither is it true that the great houses decline to deal through agents. We question whether any important house in London would agree to refuse without examination all manuscripts sent by authors' agents; at least, if there is such a house, we do not know it. We doubt whether the usual offer for a first book is £40 or £50 on account of a ten per cent. royalty; it is often much less than that. It is also quite the exception for novelists to make arrangements far ahead. We doubt whether half a dozen are engaged for as many as two stories not already written, and even if it were otherwise, the blame, if any, must rest on editors and publishers. It should be admitted in fairness that many first books are placed by agents. Two of them occur to us at the moment of writing—Mr. Stanley Weyman's "The House of the Wolf" and Mrs. Caffyn's "A Yellow Aster." No harm can be done by the ventilation of this subject, but we deprecate violence. There is no reason why it should not be discussed with perfect moderation and temper. It appears to us that there are three facts in the situation which must be allowed due weight before any satisfactory agreement can be arrived at. In the first place, some of the most popular writers of the day do all their work through agents, and while this is the case, we doubt whether any editor or any publisher will be inclined to exclude himself from the possible benefit accruing from transactions of an agent. Further, the business of arranging for American, Colonial, and other copyright is so exceedingly difficult and complicated that we can hardly believe that authors, as a

rule, will care to undertake it for themselves. Again, if there is a body of men engaged in the same business who work together and consult together less than the London publishers, we should like very much to know who they are.

Miss Beatrice Harraden, who has been paying a brief visit to London, has started again for California, where she will spend the winter. Her health is considerably improved, and she fully hopes to complete her new novel shortly. Arrangements have been made for its publication in this country by Messrs. Blackwood, and in America by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co. Miss Harraden hopes to return permanently to England in June of next year. She has greatly appreciated the cordiality of her reception in the United States.

The Duke of Newcastle's papers on his administration of the Crimean War are to appear shortly. The Newcastle family have, it appears, taken great umbrage at Lord Wolseley's preface to Colonel Gamble's letters from camp during the siege of Sevastopol, in which he says that the sufferings of the troops in the Crimea had their origin in "the folly, criminal ignorance, parsimony, and ineptitude" of the gentlemen who were Her Majesty's ministers. "The crass ignorance in the Cabinet" he adds, "was equalled only by the baseness with which it afterwards endeavoured to shift the blame from its own shoulders upon those of Sir R. Airey and other military authorities." It is said that everything will be published, and nobody will be spared.

Mr. Andrew Lang has become a member of the Omar Khayyam Club. A poem by Mr. William Watson will be read at the dinner on December 6th, and will be published afterwards in the *English Illustrated Magazine*.

We understand that Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new story, "William the Conqueror," will extend only to about twelve thousand words. Mr. Kipling wrote it in response to a tempting offer from Mr. E. W. Bok, of the American *Ladies' Home Journal*, and it is to appear in England in the *Gentlewoman*.

Mr. Du Maurier is reported on authority to have sold the copyright of his next novel to Messrs. Harper Brothers for £10,000. It appears that they made him two proposals, which he declined, that an English firm of publishers stepped in with an offer of £10,000, and that thereupon Messrs. Harper raised their terms to the same figure. As compared with the royalty of two shillings a copy which Mr. Hall Caine is said to be receiving, this offer seems exceedingly moderate. A sale of 60,000 copies in England would bring Mr. Hall Caine's receipts up to £6,000. In addition to this he would have the serial rights in England and America, not much less than £3,000, the whole of the American book rights, which, in the case of Mr. Du Maurier's work, would be at least equal to those of England, besides colonial and continental rights. In addition, it must be remembered that Mr. Du Maurier contributes the pictures. The mystery is why Mr. Du Maurier should have sold the copyright of his book at all.

We are informed by an old student of Edinburgh University that he went to hear Professor Saintsbury lecture at the University, and was informed that students only were admitted, and that the rule was rigorously enforced. The custom is a new one, as Professor Masson was delighted to welcome his old students, and many citizens were accustomed occasionally to go in and hear his lectures. Perhaps Professor Saintsbury will look into this matter and revert to the old practice.

We understand that the Duchess of Manchester has completed a memoir of the late Sir Arthur Blackwood, and that it will probably appear next spring.

Strange are the vagaries of advertising. A firm of London publishers sent recently two advertisements of a notable historical novel, the sale of which was falling off. One advertisement in the *Standard* resulted in an immediate sale of 206 copies of the book. Against this, we have the experience of another firm who began some months ago to advertise largely one of Mr. Anthony Hope's earlier novels. For three months the advertisement scarcely seemed to sell a copy, but some weeks after it was dropped the volume began to go, and since has done exceedingly well.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's next book is to be published by Mr. John Lane early in the new year. It is entitled "Patience Sparhawk and her Times," and contains no less than 195,000 words. Mrs. Atherton announces her intention of remaining permanently in England, and ultimately writing purely English stories. She confesses, however, that English people are for her the most difficult problems she has yet tried to solve.

We hear that Mr. Anthony Hope is now anxious to abandon the writing of short stories, and to confine himself entirely to the production of longer books.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford is writing a short love story for an early number of *Cassell's Magazine*. It was in this periodical that many of her earlier short stories were published, always at comparatively long intervals, however, for the author of "Aunt Anne" is a very slow worker.

We regret to hear of the death of Lord De Tabley, who was better known as Mr. Leicester Warren. He was born at Tabley House, Knutsford, in 1835, and succeeded his father in the title in 1887. Mr. Warren was Liberal candidate for Mid-Cheshire in 1868, but was not successful, and he took to literature, writing considerably in the publications of Mr. Strahan, and often striking a true poetical note. After being nearly quite forgotten, he was revived lately by Mr. John Lane, and obtained new and appreciative readers. Lord De Tabley, who was the only surviving son of the previous peer, was unmarried.

An editor received the other day a curious application for help. The writer said, "I am sorry you do not like my romance, for I feel that I have the secret fire in my veins. If, however, you cannot accept my book or my poetry, will you give me a berth as a heavy goods porter?"

The last mail from America reports favourably on the sale of George Macdonald's "Lilith," which has gone into a fourth edition.

Mr. Blackmore's "Slain by the Doones" is also finding a good market in the States.

Sir Lewis Morris has written "A Christmas Carol," which will be published simultaneously in Great Britain, America, and the Colonies, on December 14th.

A short story by Sarah Grand, entitled "An Emotional Moment," will be published simultaneously in England and America in December.

An appreciation of Pierre Loti's "Jérusalem," from the pen of Mr. E. F. Benson, will appear in an early number of the *Nineteenth Century*.

Mr. W. E. Norris has written a new serial story, entitled "Clarissa Furiosa," which will commence in the *Cornhill* in January, and will be subsequently published by Messrs. Methuen and Co.

In view of Mr. John Lane's reprint of the late Thomas T. Stoddart's extraordinary poem, "The Death Wake, or Lunacy, a Necromaunt in hree Chimeras," a correspondent sends us the fol owing:—"I had just been reading 'The Death Wake' (he writes), and a few hours later, happening to be in the British Museum, I took down a volume of 'Notes and Queries' for 1874 to hunt up some reference entirely apart from Stoddart's 'Necromaunt.' Curiously enough, on opening the book at random the first thing that caught my eye was a query regarding 'The Death Wake.' The inquirer wished to know where a copy of the poem was to be had. He knew the author's name and the approximate date of publication, but there his information ended. So far as I could make out, 'Notes and Queries' left him unsatisfied. Could the eager seeker, one wonders, have been Mr. Andrew Lang, who confesses in his introduction to Mr. Lane's reprint that he had been wanting to see 'The Death Wake' ever since, as a boy, he read the unkind review of it in an ancient volume of 'Blackwood's Magazine.'" It was reserved for Professor Knight at last to gratify Mr. Lang's curiosity by presenting the critic with Aytoun's annotated copy of this rare poem. And hence the reprint.

It is said that the late Professor Boyesen never felt he had really mastered his adopted tongue until he began to dream in English. "Then," he said, "I knew I had conquered the language."

Mrs. Fuller Maitland, the author of "Bethia Hardacre," which has gone into three editions in a few months, is at work on a successor to it. Mrs. Fuller Maitland has written a good deal of verse, most of which has been collected in two small volumes. The first, "Parva," is now out of print; the second was printed for private circulation only. During Mr. Greenwood's editorship of the *St. James's Gazette*, Mrs. Maitland's prose and verse appeared now and again in its columns, and she is now an occasional contributor to the *Westminster Gazette*.

Messrs. Bliss, Sands, and Foster ask us to contradict the statement made in our November issue, that they are to publish in book form Mr. Walter Raymond's story which will run in *Good Words* during 1896.

Mr. Anthony Hope's "Prisoner of Zenda," as adapted for the stage by Mr. Edward Rose, is still drawing crowded houses in New York. We hear that it will shortly be brought to this country, and that it will be produced at the St. James's by Mr. Geo. Alexander.

Mr. J. C. Snaith, whose Somerset novel, "Mistress Dorothy Marvin," published by Messrs. A. D. Innes and Co., has been very favourably received, is not yet twenty. He is at present employed in the Midland Railway offices at Nottingham, and his novel, which is remarkably mature for one of his age, is the result of several years' work "after hours."

Mr. Eugene Field, the American author, died suddenly last month at his home near Chicago. He was of New England stock, but his chief work as a journalist was done in the Chicago *Daily News*, which has now become the *Record*. Recently his reputation had spread from the fields of journalism by some little books of tales and verses which had wide popularity, and showed originality and delicate fancy. Mr. Field was a man of much vitality and an excellent speaker, an enthusiastic book collector, and lavishly hospitable. Many English bookmen will regret to hear of his death.

Several correspondents have pointed out that Mr. Baring Gould's statement in our last number charging John Wesley with dishonesty and plagiarism cannot be sustained. The following letter, written by Henry Brooke, nephew of the author of "The Fool of Quality," to the Rev. John Wesley, who was his intimate friend, speaks for itself. The letter is dated August, 1774, which is six years before Wesley published his edition:—

"Dublin, August 6, 1774.

"REV. SIR,—I received with true gratitude your very kind letter. It was a dear and precious token of your remembrance, and should have been answered immediately, but that I waited in hopes my dear uncle would have been able to answer for himself. His health is greatly impaired, and he is in a declining state, etc., etc.

"He is deeply sensible of your very kind offer and most cordially embraces it. He has desired me to express the warmth of his gratitude in the strongest terms, and says he most cheerfully yields the volumes you mention to your superior judgment, *to prune, erase, and alter as you please* (italics are mine). He only wishes they could have had your eye before they appeared in public. But it is not yet too late. A second edition will appear to great advantage when they have undergone so kind a revisal. But he is apprehensive your time is so precious that it may be too great an intrusion upon it, unless made a work of leisure and opportunity. Yet as you have proffered it, he will not give up the privilege; but hope leisure may be found for so friendly and generous a work."

Mr. Hall Caine made a speech at a dinner given to him on November 1st at the Aldine Club, which is reproduced in our excellent contemporary, the New York *Critic*. Mr. Hall Caine, in the course of his address, said:—

"My fellow-authors of America are here in good numbers, the men whose names have long been familiar to me, my old friend Cable, whom I have known so long, though I have never set eyes on his face before; my friend Stockton, my friend Eggleston, my friend Nelson Page—all companions and colleagues of mine this many a day, my com-

rades who have worked at the same bench by my side, whose voices I know from afar, whom I have loved and followed, as they on their part have, as I believe, loved and followed me. Gentlemen, it is the joy and delight of our calling that we who are men of letters are literary freemasons always. We all belong to that great corps of nomads, that vast tribe of gypsies, whom the business-like part of the world has agreed to call Bohemians. The attitude of the world towards us which this name implies is one of amused toleration, as of grown-up folks looking with a half-indulgent eye on the occupations of wayward children, whose doings are not to be taken too seriously, and whose faults are to be passed over with a smile. The worthy people who go down to their offices every day at the same hour and return home at the same minute, and jog through life, year in, year out, with the regularity of a mill-horse or an eight-day clock, sometimes see us smoking our pipe, and dreaming around, and mooning around—writing a bit, playing a bit; and they look at us with eyes which seem to say, 'I wonder what the deuce these fellows think they are about?' Some of us are poor little weaklings like myself, hardly fit for anything better; but others of us are great, strapping chaps like our friend Eggleston, who ought to be doing some honest work in the world; but instead of that, we are only writing novels and things, or painting bits of pictures, or strumming on fiddles. So the sober work-a-day people agree to leave us to 'gang our ain gait,' while they busy themselves with great enterprises, the mighty businesses, the burning questions on which the weight of the world seems to them to hang. Only, gentlemen, somehow in the long run, Time, in this matter as in most others, has a way of bringing in its own revenges, and the great enterprises sink out of sight, and the mighty businesses get forgotten, and the burning questions burn themselves out; but meantime the race of nomads, the wandering gypsies, the Bohemians, the poets and painters, the novelists and dramatists, live on, as the best of their kind must always live, just as long as the old world itself."

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

OCTOBER 21st to NOVEMBER 23rd, 1895.

The autumn trade has been satisfactory as a whole, and booksellers are buying more freely in anticipation of an improved Christmas business. On all hands the publishers are offering excellent value. Bookselling, from the nature of the calling, certainly deserves to be more profitable than it is. Various attempts are made from time to time to improve its status, but so far the spirit of underselling has been too strong for permanent good to be effected.

Foreign and colonial trade (the latter specially) has considerably improved since last writing.

The three-volume novel question still crops up at intervals. Of course it must be better for booksellers if novels in one volume are *bought* instead of being *borrowed* from libraries. Hence the action of some of the last-named institutions in this matter is paradoxical, to say the least of it. Miss Braddon's opinion of the question, recently published in the *Westminster Gazette*, is well worth reading.

The literature of Natural History continues to receive many valuable additions, which find a ready sale for their class.

Many translations of Continental works are being issued, and it is noticeable that by far the greater number are translated by ladies.

The output of new books and new editions shows no sign of abatement, and their number is slightly in excess of last month. One naturally asks, How many will live, even for the present season?

Just now Fairy Tales constitute the principal item in the new books brought out for children. Ireland and Thibet, Japan and North America—in short, the entire globe—have been ransacked to meet the demand, as old possibly as the world, for "something new."

The trade are very busy with Christmas numbers and annuals, many tons of which are being distributed. The labour involved, in proportion to the return, is enormous. In some instances three-quarters of a hundredweight has to be dealt with for a sovereign or so.

"The Days of Auld Lang Syne," "The Men of the Moss Hags," and "Trilby" are the three leading books. The latter continues to be in demand as freely as ever. Its sale is unprecedented.

The "shilling shocker" seems to have disappeared in that form, and the public are cheerfully buying it in some instances as a six-shilling novel.

Large paper editions of illustrated and other books have had their day, there being little inquiry for them.

The *Art Journal Annual* and Phil May's *Annual* are very popular.

The list of leading books requires little comment. Works on Elocution have commenced their season; and knowledge and patience are occasionally expended in discovering some obscure recitation which has been given in a remote corner of the country. Theology is by no means neglected, but the sale of most works of this class is comparatively limited. The remainder of the list speaks for itself, but the order of the titles has no significance:

The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
The Sorrows of Satan. By M. Corelli. 6s.
The Chronicles of Count Antonio. By A. Hope. 6s.
Trilby. By G. Du Maurier. 6s.
Peter Ibbetson. By G. Du Maurier. 6s.
Jude the Obscure. By T. Hardy. 6s.
From the Memoirs of a Minister of France. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.
Corruption. By Percy White. 6s.
Scylla or Charybdis. By R. Broughton. 6s.
One Who Looked On. By F. F. Montresor. 3s. 6d.
All Men are Liars. By J. Hocking. 3s. 6d.
Cheer! Boys, Cheer! By H. Russell. 3s. 6d.
The Woman who Did. By Grant Allen. 3s. 6d. net.
The British Barbarians. By Grant Allen. 3s. 6d. net.
A Matter of Skill. By B. Whitby. 3s. 6d.
The Desire of the Eyes. By Grant Allen. 3s. 6d.
The Vailima Letters. By R. L. Stevenson. 7s. 6d.
A Knight of the White Cross. By G. A. Henty. 6s.
Through Russian Snows. By G. A. Henty. 5s.
The Carbonnels. By C. M. Yonge. 3s. 6d.
College Sermons. By B. Jowett. 7s. 6d.
The Teaching of Jesus. By R. F. Horton. 3s. 6d.
The Gurneys of Earlham. By A. J. C. Hare. 2 vols. 25s.
Public Speaking and Debate. By G. J. Holyoake. 3s. 6d.

The Elocutionist. By R. Garry. 2s.
The New Standard Elocutionist. By A. H. Miles. 3s. 6d.

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.
Week ending
Oct. 26, 1895.—A very satisfactory week in all departments.
Nov. 1, „ —Home business eased slightly. Foreign and colonial trade very active.
„ 8, „ —Both town and country business about the same. Foreign rather dull, colonial continues active.
„ 15, „ —Home trade quieter, especially towards the close. Foreign and colonial unchanged.
„ 23, „ —There was rather a sudden drop in the home trade, recovering at the end of the week. Both colonial and foreign are good.

NEW WRITERS.

MR. JOHN BUCHAN.

THE author of "Sir Quixote of the Moors," just published by Mr. Unwin, and of a great deal else to come in the very near future, has surely a more precocious literary record than any other of our time. He has some years of journalistic work behind him; and at the present moment he is a scholar of Brasenose, aged twenty.

Mr. Buchan was born in Perth, lived for thirteen years in a little sea-coast town in Fife, and seven years ago went to Glasgow. At the University there he gained distinction in philosophy, and last winter he won a scholarship at Oxford. For many years his summers have been spent in Upper Tweeddale, whence his family originally came; and from continual wandering among the hills in all weather he came to know them and their people intimately. He has always been an enthusiastic angler, and his first published paper was on that subject, and appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August 1893. Subsequently he wrote a good many articles on kindred subjects in that magazine. In the same year he edited a small edition of Bacon's Essays for the "Scott Library." In January, 1894, was begun his series of articles in *Macmillan's Magazine* dealing with the wilder life of the Tweedside Hills, the tramps, and poachers, and drovers, storms, and nights spent on the heather, all the raw material from which so many writers of romance have drawn, from Scott to Stevenson—two writers, by-the-bye, whose influence Mr. Buchan specially owns. These articles have been collected, and are to be published by Mr. John Lane early in next year. Another book, soon to be issued, is a small anthology of fishing songs, collected from the whole of English literature.

His only published work of fiction as yet is "Sir Quixote." There his aim was to trace the psychological effects of certain aspects of scenery and weather, as well as to examine the results of the conception of honour in certain circumstances. A book of short stories from his pen will appear before the summer. On a long historical novel he has been engaged for nearly three years; it deals with the adventures of a Scots gentleman, a Platonist and a scholar, in the late seventeenth century. That, too, he expects to have ready for publication before the summer.

When one mentions that Mr. Buchan has also done a good deal of journalism, it will be owned his record is an extraordinary and an interesting one for a writer of twenty years of age.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

IT appears that in consequence of the action of certain Paris Municipal Councillors, various works of fiction, and notably "Madame Bovary," have been withdrawn from circulation at the Paris Municipal Libraries. This tardy condemnation, as immoral, of Flaubert's novel is amusing, especially in the Paris of to-day. Gustave Flaubert, himself, would be delighted with this measure, for, in the last years of his life, he had come to hate the very name of "Madame Bovary," and used to be quite rude to strangers who, on their introduction to him, complimented him on the book which the world persisted in classifying as his masterpiece. "Hang 'Madame Bovary'!" he would bellow forth in real anger. "'Madame Bovary, 'Madame Bovary' is—is rubbish." It irritated him to be known alone as the author of this one book, when he had written others of equal and even superior merit. Max Nordau has experienced the same feeling. People would talk of him as "the author of 'The Conventional Lies,'" and he has told me that his chief object in writing "Entartung" was to shake off this denomination.

The sincerity of the respect with which the profession of letters in general and that of poetry in particular is regarded in France by the powers that be, has once more been exemplified. It became necessary a few days ago for a special commissioner to be sent by the Government to the French fleet in the Mediterranean. In England such a commissioner would have been chosen from the thousand supernumeraries of the Government offices. In France a poet was chosen. It was M. Yann Nibor who was selected by M. Lockroy to carry out this mission. M. Yann Nibor is a poet of the sea, a writer of ballads of the "Yo, ho! ho!" variety, a man in no way connected with politics. We shall have to wait long years in England before the same spirit moves our politicians. Can you fancy Weatherly or Clarke Russell being chosen as representatives of the Cabinet because of the intimate knowledge of maritime affairs, and of the keen sympathy with maritime folk shown in their works? It is true that, as a son-in-law of a poet, M. Lockroy has a larger appreciation of poets than most politicians, but still there is no precedent for a selection of this sort. Yann Nibor, it appears, was strongly recommended by various admirals of the French Fleet, who all testified to the popularity of the poet amongst the sailors. Nibor is a man destined to be popular. He is a fine athletic fellow, who writes swinging verse, composes his own music, and sings his songs with quite professional skill. His performance is a great feature at Alphonse Daudet's delightful Thursday *soirées*.

"On prend son bien . . ." you know the rest. This apparently is the only explanation which Emile Zola has vouchsafed to those who have drawn attention to the fact that one notable passage in his novel, "Nana," was "lifted" from Thomas Otway's tragedy, "Venice Preserved, or a Plot Discovered," a performance of which has recently been given in translation at the Théâtre de l'Œuvre, where the indebtedness of Zola was first noticed. Readers of "Nana" will remember the scene where Count Muffat in a paroxysm of amorous imbecility crawls about Nana's boudoir and plays at being a dog. Readers of

"Venice Preserved" will remember the passage where the Senator Antonio performs in a similar manner for the delectation of Aquilina. A comparison of the text-book in Zola's novel and in the translation from Otway affords the best proof of the indebtedness of the French novelist to the English dramatist. Here are the parallel passages :—

"NANA."	"VENISE SAUVÉE."
Le comte Muffat fait le chien chez sa maîtresse.	*Le sénateur Antonio est l'amant de la courtisane Aquilina et, sadiquement, s'incarne en quadrupède.*
D'autres fois, il était un chien. Elle lui jetait son mouchoir parfumé au bout de la pièce, et il devait courir le ramasser avec les dents en se traînant sur les mains et sur les pieds.	— Un chien, monseigneur !
— Rapporte, César ! Je vais te régaler, si tu flânes ! Très bien, César, obéissant, gentil ; fais le beau !	(Le sénateur Antonio se jette à quatre pattes, rampe sous la table, et aboie.)
Et lui, aimant sa bassesse, goûtant la jouissance d'être une brute, aspirant à descendre, criait :	— Ah ! vous me mordez ? Eh bien, vous aurez des coups de pied !
— Tape plus fort ! Plus fort ! . . . Hou ! Hou ! Je suis enragé. Tape donc ! . . .	— Va ! de tout mon cœur ! Des coups de pied ! . . . Encore, encore des coups de pied ! . . . Hou ! Hou ! Plus fort ! Plus fort ! Encore plus fort !

Speaking of Otway's "Venice Preserved," Henry Bauer, the first critic in France, says : "An incomparable spectacle, of the highest grandeur and tragic beauty."

The first instalment of Léon Daudet's new story, a phantasy called "Shakespeare's Journey in the North," appears in the November issue of the *Nouvelle Revue*. Léon Daudet proposes to show from what types—supposed to have been met by Shakespeare in this imaginary journey in the North of Europe—the dramatist drew his characters. In Denmark he meets and converses with the prototype of Hamlet, and so on. I notice in the same number of Madame Adam's magazine the first instalment of a new life of Napoleon, by M. Proudhon. One had fancied that the interest in Napoleon's life was waning. Apparently it is not.

There is certainly a "ring" in Paris amongst writers for the stage. It may be noticed that those whose dramatic works are accepted for performance are generally, if not invariably, persons influentially connected with the newspapers. It was partly to counteract this ring that Antoine founded the Théâtre Libre. I remember asking Sardou to look over a short one-act play for a friend of mine. He did so, and when I saw him subsequently in his town-house in the Rue Général-Foy, he told me that the play was 1° "superb," 2° a chef-d'œuvre, 3° "Otway and Marivaux combined." I then asked him, on behalf of my friend, to give me a word to a Parisian manager, to induce the manager to read it. Sardou said that that was useless, the author being an unknown man. He added that there were twenty dogs on each stray bone, a gang of wolves tearing each other's throats at each stage-door. However, he eventually wrote a very enthusiastic letter of introduction and recommendation to a Parisian manager who has always professed his desire to "produce" young authors. I gave his note to my friend, who, on reading it, thought his fortune made. This took place in 1889. Till the date of writing—we are in 1895—the author has had no news of his manuscript. As I have said, Antoine tried to counteract this ring, and, to prove his sincerity, I may quote the case of M. François de Curel, a young dramatic author who recently attracted much attention. M. de Curel had written three plays, all of which he considered, in their way, excellent. Being entirely what is called "an outsider," he did not dare approach Antoine as M. de Curel, and accordingly sent the three plays, each under a different pseudonym, to the Director of the Théâtre Libre, asking in each case for fair consideration to be given to each play. Within three weeks M. de Curel received at the three different addresses given, addressed to the three different fictitious names, warm letters of acceptance, with invitations to call and arrange for the production of each play. He called and introduced himself successively as M. Un-tel, M. Chose, and M. So-and-so. His three plays were played, one at the Théâtre Libre, one, on M. Antoine's recommendation, at the Variétés, and another, on the same recommendation, at the Théâtre Français. These pieces were :—"L'Envers d'une Sainte," "L'Invitée," and L'Amour Brodé." Besides the three plays named, M. de Curel, thanks to M. Antoine's influence, was able to produce in the same year two other one-act pieces, "Les Fossiles," and "La Figurante."

The legend that genius is the infinite capacity for taking pains seems inaccurate, at least as far as dramatic work is concerned, to those who know. The most successful plays which during recent years have been produced either in London or in Paris have literally been written *currente calamo*. For instance, M. de Curel's "L'Amour Brodé" was written in a fortnight. It was enthusiastically received at the Comédie Française, the first theatre in the world. I could cite many other cases to show that great rapidity of production is not incompatible with great popular success.

Everyone who has been to Paris knows of Nadar the photographer. Few know that Nadar, before he was a photographer, was a novelist of great distinction, who took to photography, because, like many of us novelists, he had discovered that writing does not always "feed its man." Well, Nadar has failed even as a photographer, just as from a commercial point of view he had failed as a novelist, and is now, after fifty years of figuration on the Paris boulevards, about to return to Marseilles a grey-haired and ruined man. He spent a million francs during the siege of Paris in balloons, and organized the postal service of the beleaguered town—and now, apparently, he has nothing beyond a volume of memoirs, which he proposes to publish. Nadar's real name is Tournachon. He came to Paris as a medical student, and at the age of 17 published a novel entitled "Robe de Dejanire," which was followed within three years by his "Miroir aux Alouettes." His next was to draw, and he drew and published a "Panthéon" of caricatures of men of the day of 1854. And then finding (as many of us have found) that neither writing nor drawing is very lucrative, he took to business, and was, in his way, the best photographer of Paris. But even business failed him, because, being an artist, he applied all the profits of his trade to the wildest ventures. His balloon, "Le Géant," cost him a fortune. It nearly cost him his life, as a Prussian non-commissioned officer was anxious to hang him when "Le Géant" fell into the Prussian camp. He escaped, however, and now is a ruined man. He has written twelve books, of which one at least is a masterpiece. The name of the latter is "Quand j'é ais Etudiant," a book which renders Murger futile.

ROBERT H. SHERARD.

THE READER.

LIVING CRITICS.

III.—LESLIE STEPHEN.

WHEN, a hundred years hence, someone sets himself to write the history of English critical literature in the nineteenth century, he will probably regard Mr. Leslie Stephen as a transition figure, and see in his work a bridge spanning the gulf between two important and sharply differentiated schools. There were certain years during which Lord Macaulay and Mr. Walter Pater were contemporaries; but to pass from the purely literary essays of the former to those of the latter is like passing from one age into another. It seems as if something of the nature of a revolution were necessary to account for the amazing change in matter and manner, in tone and atmosphere; and yet the student of the entire literature of the time sees no violent cataclysm of portentous cleavage: he sees nothing but a series of natural and orderly stages of development. One of these stages is represented in a most delightful and interesting fashion by the writer whose name stands at the head of this article. There is no doubt that, in the main, Mr. Leslie Stephen's critical work has more in common with the Edinburgh than with the Oxford school. It is, to use words which are in some danger of becoming terms of literary slang, "judicial" rather than "æsthetic"; its conclusions are based rather on general principles than on particular sensibilities or preferences; it strives after impersonal estimates rather than personal appreciations. Nevertheless there is, in addition to all this, a constant admission, explicit or implicit, of the fact that even the critic cannot jump off his own shadow, and that, though he must appeal to the common reason, his appeal must in the nature of things be made on behalf of some individual approval or disapproval which it is his business to justify. Macaulay made it a charge against Southey that what he considered his opinions were in fact merely his tastes. If I understand Mr. Leslie Stephen—and misunderstanding of so lucid a writer is all but impossible—he would say that, in matters of criticism at any rate, Southey was right; that a man's tastes *must* become his opinions, but that because opinion is a power, a factor in the world's progress, he must spare no pains to assure himself that the taste is not a mere personal whim, but that it has behind it a persuasive justification.

Thus, in the opening paragraph of his essay on Charlotte Brontë, Mr. Stephen remarks that "our faith in an author must, in the first instance, be the product of instinctive sympathy instead of deliberate reason. It may be propagated by the contagion of enthusiasm, and preached with all the fervour of proselytism. But when we are seeking to justify our emotions, we must endeavour to get for the time into the position of an independent spectator, applying with rigid impartiality such methods as are best calculated to free us from the impulse of personal bias." That such a critical method has a number of admirable qualities is a fact too obvious for indication, but the qualities have their inevitable defects, and there is something in Mr. Leslie Stephen's temperament which brings them into prominence. He is so much afraid of the "contagion of enthusiasm" and the "fervour of proselytism" presenting themselves in the wrong place that it often seems as if he deliberately excluded them from their right place. Emotional fervour should not be substituted for exact statement or logical argument; but the one is necessarily more telling, the other more persuasive, when it has emotion behind it. Enthusiasm should never outrun *reason*, but it may and must outrun *reasoning*, for no mere argument can justify the passionate admiration of any masterpiece—say the "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," or Keats's lines "To a Grecian Urn"—to any person by whom that admiration is unshared. Mr. Leslie Stephen's intellect is a trifle over-dominant; he forgets too absolutely what some younger critics remember too exclusively, that whatever intellectual bravery criticism may arrogate to itself, it is, in the last analysis, an affair of taste, of sensibility, and that (though the saying may be pushed to unwise applications) *De gustibus non est disputandum.*

Mr. Stephen's suspicion of violent feeling as liable to be overcharged, of strong language as liable to be exaggerated, is in itself so natural and healthy that one could wish it made itself more manifest in contemporary critical literature; but his maintenance of the guarded attitude is a little too persistent. He says very truly, of a somewhat hysterical phrase of Kingsley's, that it "requires a little dilution;" but he has such a horror of intellectual intoxication that he keeps the diluting water-bottle always within reach, and does not fail to use it. Many people, I daresay, feel that Mr. Stephen's work would be not merely more telling, but more helpful, if every now and then he would let himself go. Partly in virtue of this very moderation—this instinct for sobriety and balance of judgment—Mr. Stephen is a more trustworthy critic than Macaulay; but he does not assist readers in the same way that Macaulay was wont to assist them. "Homer is not more decidedly the first of heroic poets, Shakespeare is not more decidedly the first of dramatists, Demosthenes is not more decidedly the first of orators than Boswell is the first of biographers." "Though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two minds which possessed the imaginative faculty in a very eminent degree. One of these minds produced the 'Paradise Lost,' the other the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'" No reader of these sentences can feel any uncertainty about Macaulay's view of the place in literature occupied by Boswell's biography and Bunyan's allegory; but it is by no means so easy to be sure of Mr. Stephen's view of such other notable books as "Robinson Crusoe," "Clarissa," or the "Religio Medici." Everyone remembers Lambs delightful story of the worthy citizen who asked Wordsworth if he did not think that Milton was a great man. If we ask Mr. Leslie Stephen whether Sir Thomas Browne, Sterne, and Coleridge were great men, he at once devotes to them a number of shrewd, instructive, and illuminating remarks, and having thus provided us with materials for a reply, leaves us to formulate it for ourselves.

Now that is, of course, a method tantalising to the youthful student, who wishes to be told without any ambiguity what he is to think of this or that noble writer. Criticism, however, is not written exclusively for youths in search of a literary creed, any more than fiction is produced solely for the consumption of the famous or notorious young person; and I think there are few mature lovers of

letters who do not return again and again to the work of Mr. Leslie Stephen with a sense of refreshment and stimulation such as they derive from the utterances of hardly any contemporary critic. He is, to use a good old-fashioned word, honoured by Lamb's employment of it, so satisfyingly matterful. He will not write a single sentence unless he has not merely something to say but something which he is *impelled* to say; witness his declaration with regard to the poetry of Shelley—"I feel no vocation to add to the mass of imperfectly appreciative disquisition." A man of letters who has the courage to confess that he has nothing of value to add to Shelley criticism may be trusted not to lapse into chatter; we may be quite sure that whatever be the theme, his treatment of it is a response to some unmistakably audible call.

As a rule the men in whose writings this note of impulsion is most manifest are lacking in the matter of catholicity. In one set of ideas, one class of minds, they are genuinely and deeply interested, and their interest in a favourite theme gives to their utterance warmth, vigour, and arrestingness; but on other themes they write flatly or not at all. There is nothing of this flatness in the writing of Mr. Leslie Stephen. He has no raptures; he could not, and perhaps would not if he could, write of anyone as Mr. Swinburne writes of Victor Hugo and Charlotte Brontë; but there is something almost as marvellous as it is delightful in the range of his discriminating appreciation. I do not slur the epithet, for the masterpiece in the presence of which Mr. Stephen would not discriminate has yet to be created; but the appreciation, with all its refinements, is really genuine; and admirers of such diverse writers as Defoe, Massinger, Crabbe, Hawthorne, and Lord Beaconsfield will probably agree that he has said things of these favourites which they would have been much pleased to say themselves.

There is a certain grip in Mr. Stephen's work, due to the fact that he is as much interested in life as in literature; or perhaps it would be truer to say he is interested in literature mainly because it is an outcome of life. There are critics who seem to consider it a fine thing to write about a book as if it had no personality behind it, but were a sort of literary Melchizedek that had sprung into being without any preliminary process of generation. This is what is called "disinterested" criticism; it is really criticism that is truncated, impoverished, devitalised. Mr. Leslie Stephen is content to be a man first, and a literary connoisseur afterwards; and whether it be a merit or a defect of his critical estimates, it is their unfailing character to regard literature as pre-eminently an *expression*. This is a point upon which I should speak without hesitation even had I no guide but more or less vague inferential evidence; but while writing the foregoing sentences accident has led me to an explicit statement which renders doubt impossible. At the opening of his essay on "Dr. Johnson's Writings," Mr. Stephen sets himself to combat the opinion entertained by Macaulay that the qualities of a man's written work provide no trustworthy indication of the quality of the man himself. Mr. Stephen admits that there may be obvious differences which impress the imagination,—that the man who "writes like an angel" may at times be heard to "talk like poor Poll"; but after contending that even then we may "detect the essential identity under superficial differences" he utters the emphatic manifesto: "The whole art of criticism consists in learning to know the human being who is partially revealed to us in his spoken or written words." There is no difficulty in placing the author of such a definition.

Mr. Leslie Stephen's style is the style which his substance makes inevitable. The manner of the seer or the rhetorician would indeed be an ill-fitting vesture for the thought of a shrewd, humorous observer who knows how to admire wisely, how to condemn sanely, but who, neither in eulogy nor condemnation, will allow himself the perilous luxury of excitement. Wordsworth once in his life took too much to drink, and Mr. Leslie Stephen evidently thinks that it was a good thing for him. Perhaps if this distinguished critic would allow himself a single bout of literary intoxication—if he would only indulge in just one blatant extravagance—we might feel him nearer and dearer than before. In a mad world there is a certain high degree of sanity which is a trifle irritating. On the other hand there are certain kinds of insanity which are more irritating still. It may be a sign that I am rather a poor creature, but I am more than content to take Mr. Leslie Stephen as I find him. I once wrote an essay in which I expressed my appreciation of what I called "the poetry of common sense," and a lady who is herself a most charming poet, professed to regard it as an elaborate *jeu d'esprit*, on the ground that poetry and common sense are antipodal. Of course she spoke with authority, and she may have been right; I cannot tell. But if common sense be expelled from poetry, I hope the poor outcast may find a home with criticism, and so long as Mr. Leslie Stephen lives and writes, this shelter at least is assured to her. The common sense—or what is called such—of the vulgar is not a thing of price, and I give it up to the tormentors; but the native shrewdness which is reinforced by wide knowledge and keen humour is a treasure indeed, and there is no page of Mr. Leslie Stephen's from which it is absent.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

OLD EDINBURGH AND THE *EVERGREEN*.

EDINBURGH, according to Mr. Ruskin, shares with Rome the honour of being the dirtiest city in Europe. Relying on the accuracy of Mr. Ruskin's observation, one may say that the slums of the Edinburgh Lawnmarket (now rapidly disappearing) have achieved the highest distinction in their own line of business. And yet it is out of these slums that the *Evergreen* has come forth. It has grown up on the soil of these whilom filth wells. The inscription on its title-page, "Published in the Lawnmarket of Edinburgh by Patrick Geddes and Colleagues," is not a fanciful legend, but sober fact. Professor Geddes himself, it is true, has outgrown his residence in James Court, and moved his abode westward up the Castlehill to the site inhabited by Allan Ramsay—the eponymous hero of the *Evergreen*. But those of the "colleagues" who have most to do with the publication of the *Evergreen* still live and do most of their business in that branch of University Hall located in the Lawnmarket close dignified by the name of Riddle's Court, and until recently inhabited too much by prostitutes and thieves—actual

and incipient. Now the point on which critics of the *Evergreen* are most nearly agreed is that, whatever else it is, in external form it is a book of beauty. A fine art production from what was one of the filthiest and most degraded slums of Europe! Another illustration that the Scotch are a humorous people.

And yet the reviewers have, most of them, assumed that the *Evergreen* is either one more illustrated magazine of the usual type, or is merely a Scottish version of an existing English quarterly, in green instead of yellow. Truth to tell, the new Scottish quarterly is not primarily an organ of art and literature at all. It is primarily the beginning of an effort to give periodic expression in print to a movement that is mainly architectural, educational, scientific. Thus it is a bye-product of social life rather than a literary and artistic main-product. Though doubtless an endeavour has been made to impart to it such added graces of diction and decoration as were available.

Its decorations are the visible link that connect the *Evergreen* with the builder's craft. These decorations have found no favour in the eyes of literary critics. As a fact, there is little or nothing of the literary style of picture about them. They are to a considerable extent simple transcriptions into black and white of detached parts from the series of mural decorations which the artists, temporarily turned craftsmen, have painted on various walls of University Hall.

The "house beautiful" is, of course, a single step towards the chief end of architecture—the city beautiful. But to talk of the rebuilding of cities is to plunge into controversial economics, which is no part of the purpose of the *Evergreen*. Its policy is with reclamation rather than with declamation, with houses rather than with householders. But there is, too, a side of the movement which is directly educational. The endeavour is to organise a system of education based, not on use and wont, but on the organisation of knowledge, and in immediate relation to the realities of contemporary life, thought, and action. This involves, of course, a co-ordination of all the forces at the disposal of science and industry, of literature and art, of morals and religion, and their harmonious concentration on the training of the student. Here, again, theory and practice have proceeded hand in hand. And such experimental results as have been already achieved are likely to prove valuable in proportion as they are used as the seed-plots of further experiment. For these particular experiments those interested in the Educational Revolution should be referred, however, not so much to the *Evergreen* as to a little book by Professor Geddes, announced to be in the press, entitled "A Northern College—Experimental Studies in Higher Education."

That the *Evergreen* is also to be deemed a scientific publication may be inferred from the trouble which *Nature* has taken to demolish its scientific pretensions. The gist of a review running into three columns is summarised in the extract: "Bad from cover to cover, and even the covers are bad." It is one of the purposes of the *Evergreen* to present a biological reading of the drama of the Seasons. The science of living nature, as found in White of Selborne and Richard Jefferies, is known to many who spend their lives in the country. The science of living nature, as taught in the schools and universities, is known to some who spend their lives in cities. That view which endeavours to combine both sets of truths ought to approach nearer to the realities of things. It is at a presentment of this latter that the *Evergreen* aims in recording and interpreting the biology of the Seasons. And in its advocacy of the study of life as Living Nature in its Seasons, instead of the mere anatomy and analysis of things dead, the *Evergreen* of course runs right in the teeth of orthodox scientific education and of the journal which the *Evergreen* writers would call (Inorganic) *Nature*.

The old astronomical religions (and indeed Christianity in the early centuries of its State-establishment) recognised the part played by the seasonal rhythm in the evolution of the living world. But since Europe, a century or so ago, revived its interest in the doctrine of evolution, man has lived a city life which approximates to perpetual winter. How then could it be otherwise than that, in the first flush of scientific analysis, the accepted theory of the universe should contain more than a touch of frost? But nowadays something of spring life and summer warmth returns. We are passing from the analytic to the synthetic stage in all things. And again, as in the old astronomical religions, the separate sciences are uniting into one common doctrine, one single account of the development of nature, man, and society. It is inevitable that this wider, all-embracing view should involve some departure from the orthodox Darwinian theory of the universe, which grew up in the days of disparate specialism, when Faraday found it necessary to "keep his science in one pocket and his religion in the other." If the general reader asked for the exact spot where the naturalistic and humanistic streams united in modern times (a foolish question), most would point to Professor Drummond's "Ascent of Man." On its naturalistic side this book popularises that view of evolution which is set forth by Professor Geddes and Mr. Arthur Thomson in their book on "The Evolution of Sex," and in their articles on evolution, etc., etc., in Chambers' Encyclopædia. Evolution thus regarded takes place "not primarily through struggle at the margin of subsistence, through cumulative patentings and undersellings, but primarily through Sex with its consequences of family and wider co-operation."

Such is the scientific standpoint of the *Evergreen*. Darwinism, it has been said, derived its philosophical parentage from the economic writings of Adam Smith. If that be so, the shade of Adam Smith (which doubtless still haunts the Edinburgh Lawnmarket) will be rejoiced to think that "The Wealth of Nations" was supplemented by a later treatise on "The Moral Sentiments."

The Darwinian view of evolution is to this new-old one as a telescope is to a binocular; the one tube of the binocular gives the naturalistic and the other the humanistic view, and the two together a harmonious whole. The analogy may be extended to the two smaller limbs of the binocular that telescope in the larger. On the side of the naturalistic view, human life, though a part of Nature, is a special part which is drawn out for more detailed study. And on the side of the humanistic or social view of the binocular, the student draws out from the general world (*i.e.*, the main and united tube) and receives for special investigation that local section of general society to which he himself happens to belong. This binocular arrangement is adopted in the *Evergreen* (for the sake of system and lucidity). Hence the

fourfold division of the contents of the magazine regarded as a Northern "Seasonal."

I. The Season in Nature. }
II. The Season in Life. }
III. The Season in the World. }
IV. The Season in the North. }

The last section—the Seasons in the North (*i.e.* Scotland)—is an expression of that local association and personal comradeship in which every new school and movement begins. The book has taken form among a group of younger Scottish writers and painters, students and men of science, whom historic sympathies and common aims are bringing back to old Edinburgh. If in this section of the *Evergreen* the literary note is dominant, it is literature as a means rather than an end. In 1724 Allan Ramsay published his *Evergreen*, desiring thereby to stimulate the return to local and national tradition and living nature. Those who inherit Ramsay's old home are ambitious "to follow in his steps as workers and writers, publishers and builders."

Amongst the "local and national" traditions which patriotic Scotsmen are to-day trying to revive and keep alive, the present *Evergreen* specially concerns itself with those connected with Scottish nationalism, Celtic literature and art, and the old Continental sympathies of Scotland, (more particularly the "ancient league with France"). The *Evergreen* of Spring and Autumn gave some evidence that the Continental connexion is still a living and fruitful one. The Franco-Scottish Society now being organized in Paris and Edinburgh is a formal academic recognition of the lately revived custom of interchange between French and Scottish students. In the incipient Celtic Renascence, Ireland has played a much more conspicuous part than Scotland. But the writings of Miss Fiona Macleod are gradually disclosing to the British public quite another Scotland than that with which lowland writers have familiarized them. And it is generally overlooked, too, that in Art the Glasgow School, in consideration of its local origin and its emphasis on colour and decorative treatment of subject, may be counted congenitally part of the Celtic Renascence. To many, the most hopeless quest will seem the endeavour to restore Edinburgh to its position as a culture capital, and to make Scotland again a power (of culture) in Europe, as it was in recent, in mediæval, and most of all in ancient times. Yet who knows? V. BRANFORD.

NEGLECTED BOOKS.

III.—A CRYSTAL AGE.

BY WILLIAM CANTON.

IT was in the Jubilee Year that Mr. Fisher Unwin published "A Crystal Age"; whereof a copy, falling to the lot of a jaded and saturnine reviewer, gave that too quick despairer several hours of astonishment and keen delight, and left him a day-dream of strange, imaginative loveliness which has never since seemed the less admirable because its realisation is so utterly impossible. During the eight years which have elapsed he has questioned many omnivorous readers, but has only met four or five persons who have seen the book. With one exception this little group, born surely under benign stars, has vied with him in seeking "the perfect flower of praise," the subtle phrase of appreciation which without extravagance shall convey a conviction of its rare beauty and excellence.

There was no author's name on the title page, and in this instance the critic was much interested in the personality of the author; for when one encounters a volume full of exquisite fancies, warm with tenderness and passion, and lit up with novelty of temperament, is it not natural to wonder what happy circumstances of parentage and surroundings have concurred in producing a mind so different from one's own? Inquiry elicited the fact that "A Crystal Age" was written by the author of "The Purple Land that England Lost," an attractive story of travel and adventure in the Banda Oriental, which, also in '87, had attained the distinction of a "cheaper edition in one volume"; but it was not till Mr. W. H. Hudson had published "The Naturalist in La Plata" and "Idle Days in Patagonia" that it was possible to piece together from their pages some fragments of the personal knowledge which one was curious to obtain. It rarely happens that the individuality of an author does not turn out to be sadly disappointing; his actual life and his day-dreams are not of the same wool; but in the present case the traits and hints that are available are just scanty enough and just sufficiently unusual to be pleasant in themselves, while, so far as my "neglected book" is concerned, I would urge anyone who may think of reading "A Crystal Age" to make himself familiar first with the two brilliant and popular volumes of natural history which I have just mentioned.

Let him turn to the picture of the pampas in "The Naturalist in La Plata"—those two hundred thousand square miles of humid grassy country, melancholy yet not sombre, without mountains or woods, lakes or rivers; vast, and yet so level as to lose all sense of vastness; here brilliant with scarlet, white, purple, and rose verbenas; here, in low marshy grounds, covered with yellow, white, and red lilies; and here again muffled for leagues in the eight-foot pampas grass, whose fleecy-white plumes change in the late summer and autumn to delicate rose, purple, and violet. In this solitary world, some fifty miles from Buenos Ayres, Mr. Hudson was born and spent his boyhood. "When riding by night on the pampas," he writes, "I used to enjoy lying back on my horse till my head and shoulders rested well on his back, my feet also being raised till they pressed against his neck; and in this position, which practice can make both safe and comfortable, gaze up into the starry sky." In those days the Indians had not yet flitted away to the remote and shadowy region, "called in their own language Alhuemapu, and not known to geographers," for they appeared in the last view he had of the pampas grass in its full beauty. He had been riding with a companion for miles through the feathery sea, when at sunset they suddenly heard a swishing sound behind them, and turning sharply, saw five mounted Indians about forty yards away. "At the very moment we saw them their animals came to a dead halt, and at the same instant the five riders leaped up and stood erect on their horses' backs." They were only looking for stray horses—"gazing away over the plain in different directions, motionless and silent, like bronze men on strange horse-shaped pedestals of dark stone, against the

far-off ethereal sky, flushed with amber light; and at their feet and all around, this cloud of white and faintly-blushing plumes." Surely if environment ever counted in the development of an author, it must be in such a case as this.

The destiny of mankind, the future of the race in the 90th or 990th century is not an uncommon theme; the charm of "A Crystal Age" is not the theme, but the freshness, the humour, the human passion, the beautiful idealism with which the treatment is invested. The old civilisation has perished; nations and empires and their history have vanished; towns and cities have crumbled into dust and have been covered by the oblivious grass. Of the nineteenth century nothing survives save, oddly enough, the unchanged English speech; but this incongruity, like the violent device by which a Londoner is dropped into so remote a future, is essential to the telling of the story. The only "cities" are bee-hives, and instead of crowded centres of population there are large and magnificent "houses," far apart and each islanded in its fertile region of wood and mountain and plain. And these houses had a beginning, "like the forest, the mountain, the human race itself; but the origin of all these things is covered with the mists of time." The house is as enduring as the race, and the individuals of the race, —numerically, one conceives, a singularly scanty, but a marvellously happy and beautiful race—have learned the art of prolonged youth and of vigorous old age. Women of sixty-three look as though they were twenty-six; men of a hundred and ninety-eight seem to be seventy, and the heroine of the story—the lovable and unforgettable Yoletta —"a graceful girl about fourteen years old," is really thirty-one. Money is unknown; each one works for his living; and dress—singularly personal in colour and design—is to the wearer what music is to the words; though, by the way, among these ideal people there is no division conceivable between words and music, and the art of music has attained a stage far beyond any poetry of sound known to us. Like the human beings, the animals have passed "from sphere to sphere in progress strange," till they have become in a measure humanised in discernment, sense of humour, and serviceableness.

The beautiful Yoletta has eyes of "a wonderfully pure tender sea-green," delicate lips of "purple-red," a dark-clear complexion, in which the colour is "terra-cotta rather than rose," and very wavy or curly hair; and, except the green eyes, these features, one notes in the "Idle Days," belong to "that exquisite type of female beauty which we see in the white girl with a slight infusion of negro-blood," while the green eyes are Mr. Hudson's ideal for "dusky-pale Polynesians" and for the mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters.

But what is all this save the merest *caput mortuum* of the romance? How shall I find it possible to indicate in a score of lines the life, the sweetness, the strange purity of it all? In this marvellous house—this idealised substitute for the old-world city—all the old conventions have disappeared. The one feature in common between the strayed Londoner and the new race is tenderness of heart. He bewilders them with his thoughts, his language, his moods, his opinions, his traditions; but his goodness, his feeling they *can* understand. All are brothers and sisters, and there is a frank simplicity of usage which is only possible when passion has been eliminated. "May I call you Yoletta?" "Why, that is my name—what else should you call me?" Holding her hand, the Englishman asks, "May I—keep on holding it?" "That would prevent me from working," she answered, with the utmost gravity. "But you may hold it for a little while." Passion has been eliminated, and the love that replaces it is calm, and constant, and exquisite. It is only in the case of the father and the mother of the house—exceptional beings marked out for the divine privilege of perpetuating life—that something of the antique civilisation survives. Motherhood is a heavenly mystery, and the mother is beloved and worshipped as a goddess, in whose hands are the destinies of the world, and whose image shall sit in stone in the groups of the mothers for all generations to come. With what pathos and delicate beauty all this is pourtrayed by the author I can only fail to foreshadow; one must gather its elusive sweetness from the book itself.

That Yoletta was to succeed her mother and the mother of the house in her lofty position, and that the passionate love of the survivor of nineteenth-century London was to meet with a happy return the reader speedily conjectures, but the doubts, despondencies, and impatience of that too human heart had not been counted for. "I wished to possess the implacable power of some god or demon, that I might shatter the sacred houses of this later race, and destroy them everlastingly, and repeople the peaceful world with struggling, starving millions, as in the past, so that the beautiful flower of love which had withered in men's hearts might bloom again." And so a fatal draught of the flask inscribed, "Drink and be cured," was drained, and, too late, the impassioned lover learned what was in store for him, and as Yoletta uttered her terrible cry and clasped his neck, the "voices of innumerable multitudes coming from the sunless desolations of space" grew fainter and fainter and died into everlasting silence.

That my outline is deplorably meagre I admit with shame, but the reader who makes the venture will find that "A Crystal Age" is not only a naturalist's day-dream filled with the poetry of nature, an evolutionist's reverie in which the ape and tiger perish from our blood, but a charmingly naïve, humorous, and withal tragic love-story.

NEW BOOKS.

LETTERS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD.*

Collections of letters may be divided into two classes. There are those which would be interesting whoever wrote them, which possess a certain charm and savour, entitling them to be regarded as literature; others are little in themselves, but much when viewed in relation to the personality they represent. A good example of the former class may be found in Edward Fitzgerald's letters to Fanny Kemble. It is no disparagement to Matthew Arnold's letters to say that they distinctly belong to the latter. They are chit-chat, agreeable and sometimes even excellent reading, but in no way distinguished. The explanation may be that Arnold had other ways of expressing his greater thoughts. He was constantly aware of a public which needed him; he believed in the effects of his own preaching, and he watched the results with delight. Leading a busy and in many ways an

* "Letters of Matthew Arnold, 1848-1888." Collected and arranged by George W. E. Russell. 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

irksome life, he had little to spare for his correspondents, and gave them little except a pleasant and brief account of his doings in their absence.

When this is said, it is obvious that all the critic can do is to pick out some of the notable little bits of experience that occur plentifully in these volumes. In the very first of these letters, dated March, 1848, he strikes the key-note, "I see a wave of more than American vulgarity, moral, intellectual, and social, preparing to break over us." His description of Charlotte Brontë in 1850 runs thus: "I talked to Miss Brontë (past thirty and plain, with expressive grey eyes, though) of her curates, of French novels, and her education in a school at Brussels, and sent the lions roaring to their dens at half-past nine, and came to talk to you." The "lions" were Miss Brontë and Miss Martineau. Those "expressive grey eyes" of Charlotte Brontë measured Matthew Arnold very judiciously, and saw into his future in a wonderful way. The letter describing him will be published by-and-by. The other reference to Charlotte Brontë is very unjust. Arnold says, "Why is 'Villette' disagreeable? Because the writer's mind contains nothing but hunger, rebellion, and rage, and therefore that is all she can in fact put into her book. No fine writing can hide this thoroughly, and it will be fatal to her in the long run." He refers to Alexander Smith, with whose "Life-Drama" the world was then ringing. "It can do me no good, meanwhile, to be irritated with that young man, who has certainly an extraordinary faculty, though I think he is a phenomenon of a very dubious character." It will be remembered that in a sense Arnold and Smith were rivals at that time. Bright he pronounced in 1858 "an orator of almost the highest rank. Voice and manner excellent, perhaps not quite flow enough in that he halts and stammers, but I like to have more of a rush than he ever gives you. He is a far better speaker than Gladstone." Of eminent contemporaries it turns out that Arnold had a poor opinion. Thackeray he did not regard as a great writer, and Tennyson he pronounced to be, "with all his temperament and artistic skill, deficient in intellectual power." He dwells on Macaulay's "intellectual vulgarity," and on the verbosity of Swinburne. The references to Swinburne are almost unaccountably severe, especially when it is considered that the younger poet spoke such noble praise of Arnold. We are inclined to think these allusions should not have been reprinted, and it may be doubted whether the following sentence about Mrs. Browning should stand: "I regard her as absolutely confirmed in her aberration from health, nature, beauty, and truth." He alludes to articles in *Temple Bar* on Tennyson and Browning published in 1869, and understood to be written by Alfred Austin, as "worth reading both for their ability and as showing with what much greater independence these poets are now judged, and what much more clearly conceived demands are now made both upon them and upon any modern poet." We cannot recall a single really cordial or generous appreciation of a contemporary, and it is evident that it would have given Arnold much pleasure to expose the claims of those who stood forward in his day. Again, "I never much liked Carlyle. He seemed to me to be carrying coals to Newcastle, as our proverb says, preaching earnestness to a nation which had plenty of it by nature, but was less abundantly supplied for several other useful things."

From a personal point of view the letters are satisfactory, and Mr. Russell has described their charm in admirably chosen words. He appears here as a man of strong family affections, courageous, just, loyal, uncomplaining, and keeping throughout a noble self-respect. Something is missing in the letters on his great bereavements, even when allowance is made for the severe self-repression which he constantly practised. Mr. Russell thinks that Arnold half unconsciously described himself in his eulogy on Marcus Aurelius. "We see him wise, just, self-governed, tender, thankful, blameless, yet with all this agitated, stretching out his arms for something beyond—tendentemque manus ripae ulterioris amore." It is just this agitation, this stretching forth of the hands, that we miss in these letters.

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

MR. WILLIAM WATSON'S NEW VOLUME.*

Mr. William Watson exercises the judgments of the day, as many worse and better writers have done before him. It is the extreme difficulty of placing him in his proper position that embarrasses the critics, and has so far succeeded in separating the literary world into two camps. There are fanatics upon either side; he has been as much be-littled as be-lauded; and even to-day, after the interval of some years, the two parties face each other with some bitterness. The truth is that Mr. Watson had the misfortune to be thrust upon the world by over-excited friends. They were too lavish with their admiration, and nothing must suit but the round world must go join the exulting chorus of worship. The pæan of welcome was too loud and ample; from generous it grew rather to be effusive, until in the end the poet himself ran the hazard of losing his head and accepting the mandate his enthusiasts would force upon him. And this indiscreet eulogy has aroused in opposition a no less ungenerous detraction. Mr. Watson has been declared to possess all the gifts, and to lack a single talent. He has been received by the *Spectator* as the finest voice since Milton, and ridiculed by caustic cynics for a feeble echo of the greater dead. One may be quite certain that the truth lies well within these boisterous extremes.

And yet it is more than a little hard to define the area of his scope as a poet. But the plainest fact taken from a regard of his published works is that his lyrical faculty is weak and halting; in truth, that he is not a lyric poet at all. We have only to consider the two mild and inoffensive poems classed in the present volume under the head of Lyrics, to be persuaded of this defect in Mr. Watson's qualifications.

"I do not ask to have my fill
Of wine, or love, or fame.
I do not, for a little ill,
Against the gods exclaim.

One boon, of Fortune I implore,
With one petition kneel:
At least caress me not, before
Thou break me on thy wheel."

This is immaculately phrased, but has not the faintest lyrical suggestion. It wholly lacks that lilt of emotion, that fervour of persuasion, that single-mindedness which go to compose the lyrics of our real lyrists—Tennyson, Swinburne, Shelley, even Browning, and Wordsworth himself. For Wordsworth, beneath his phlegmatic mental currents, was capable of that fountain-gush, as it were, of feeling to which a lyrical outburst may be compared. One is tempted to think that Mr. Watson recognises, even if he does not wholly realise, this deficiency in himself. In the "Apologia" which concludes this volume, and which constitutes a personal defence against his critics, he ventures to say:

"Unto such as think all Art is cold,
All music unimpassioned, if it breathe
An ardour not of Eros' lips, and glow
With fire not caught from Aphrodite's breast,
Be it enough to say, that in man's life
Is room for great emotions unbegot
Of dalliance and embracement, unbegot
E'en of the purer nuptials of the soul;
And one not pale of blood, to human touch
Not tardily responsive, yet may know
A deeper transport and a mightier thrill
Than comes of commerce with mortality,
When, rapt from all relation with his kind,
All temporal and immediate circumstance,
In silence, in the visionary mood
That, flashing light on the dark deep, perceives
Order beyond this coil and errancy,
Isled from the fretful hour he stands alone,
And hears the eternal movement, and beholds
Above him, and around, and at his feet,
In million-billowed consentaneousness,
The flowing, flowing, flowing of the world."

This fine passage, which in a way may be said to plead in excuse of lyrical deficiency, illustrates in its very excellence the summits and limits of Mr. Watson's true powers. His note has ostensibly been derived from Wordsworth, but is far too complex for this simple explanation. His mind is certainly of that chastened reflectiveness

* "The Father of the Forest, and other Poems." By William Watson. (London: John Lane.) 1895.

which mainly characterised Wordsworth. But Mr. Watson has brought something of his own to the fusion, and not a little of others. He is a very diligent, dexterous, and delicate craftsman, which certainly Wordsworth was not. His sentences are polished to perfection, and shine and glitter. There is an abundant precision of form about his verses which renders them indefinitely attractive upon the first glance. But there is more than this skill in Mr. Watson. He has a very remarkable equipment for a poet. Almost every talent or quality which is exacted in order to master the medium of his art he possesses in fulness. The most notable feature in his verse is its invariable dignity. He has, too, an austere grace in his periods which is wonderfully taking. And he employs a most felicitous sense of phrase. Instances may be picked out of every page. The collocation "tempestuous joy" is chosen with a sure hand; there is resonance and the echo of battle in "The long lines of imperial war"; "The vigils of Eternity, and Silence patient at my feet" shows the music of Tennyson. And here, again, are a few quite triumphant lines:

"The South shall bless, the East shall blight,
The red rose of the Dawn shall blow;
The million-lilied stream of Night,
Wide in ethereal meadows flow;
And Autumn mourn; and everything
Dance to the wild pipe of the Spring."

Or here, again, is admirable phrasing, touched and improved with subtle appreciations:

"When, as yonder, thy mistress, at height of her mutable glories,
Wise from the magical East, comes like a sorceress pale.
Ah, she comes, she arises,—impassive, emotionless, bloodless,
Wasted and ashen of cheek, zoning her ruins with pearl."

With his fine ear Mr. Watson never makes a mistake in music, and the eloquence of his melodies is almost the most persuasive part of his high talents.

This real and great distinction of his work emphasizes the regret that Mr. Watson's inspiration is not more individual. It seems that he has yet to reach his personal magic. Mr. Watson has taken it to heart that echoes of other poets have been said to resound in his pages. But surely this chagrin is unnecessary. No one accuses him of being "the sorry mime of their nobility." One may find memories of Tennyson, or Wordsworth, or Swinburne, or Keats, or Milton, without a thought of discredit to Mr. Watson or dishonour to these great poets. Such discoveries would mainly prove, were they genuine, that Mr. Watson has not yet come to his own, and, like all young poets, is affected by the noble traditions of English literature. That Mr. Watson may not yet take rank with these great names is as certain as that no one knows now what he may achieve in the future. At present it would appear as if craftsmanship was provided him in excess of inspiration. For example, a very strenuous, rich, and eloquent piece of work is the "Hymn to the Sea," yet it impresses one rather as a dignified and beautiful exercise than as a real achievement. Mr. Watson begins by professing to "capture and prison some fugitive breath of thy descant, Thine and his own as thy roar lisped, on the lips of a shell." Yet the poem cannot be said to breathe the sea. It is not maritime; we get neither sound nor scent, as we do in half-a-dozen of Mr. Swinburne's full-flowing verses, rough and fragrant with the salt sea-winds. We do not feel

"The teeth of the hard, glad weather,
The blown, wet face of the sea."

In short, Mr. Watson's "Hymn," full as it is of fine passages and comforting phrases, is not the offering of a faithful worshipper; it is the compliment of a polite stranger.

The ease and dignity of Mr. Watson's language are the very qualities by which he was first remarked as an epigrammatist. And he keeps still the faculty. His closes are invariably sounding. Here is one:

"Now touching goal, now backward hurled—
Toils the indomitable world."

Again:

"Man and his littleness perish, erased like an error and cancelled,
Man and his greatness survive, lost in the greatness of God."

Or, once more (to conclude a eulogy of Burns):

"And while, through adamantine doors,
In dreams flung wide,
We hear resound, on mortal shores,
The immortal tide."

The book, in short, conserves Mr. Watson's real reputation, and while it cannot be said to justify the extreme claims of his adherents, marks a genuine advance upon his earlier work. H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

THE VAILIMA LETTERS.*

The value of these letters lies in their being like their writer. All Stevenson's work, when it was successful, was a more or less literal transcription of his everyday self. Even his literary discipline tended and helped to this end, instead of to the production of an artificial and unfamiliar self. No writer owed so much to his own social qualities; and his popularity is very far from being an exclusively literary one. His interests, his views of life, his opinions on books, his hopes, his despondencies, his eccentricities, heresies, prejudices, he insinuated into his readers, and they were adopted, cheered, echoed, in most unlikely quarters, not because of their intrinsic worth or reasonableness, but because they were his, and had, therefore, the most winning of advocates and expounders. The Vailima Letters are not to be named with epistolary masterpieces. But they let out the secret, to whoever has not already guessed it, of the beguiling influence of Stevenson's books. Just what delighted you in "Kidnapped," or "The New Arabian Nights," or in the "Travels with a Donkey," is here to delight you when he is speaking of his own private concerns, or of Samoan politics, or of his literary hopes and fears—his sparkling fun, his varying moods, his austere indignation, his gentleness, his ready confidence. If Stevenson ever posed at all, he posed in naturalness, in being so much himself that no one could think him other than he was.

But though he had no other pose than this most laudable one, very few men have made more effort to give fine circumstance to their life. To live in Grub Street and dream of green fields or of marble palaces under sunny skies, was not his idea of living well. The contempt with which he sometimes spoke of the literary calling was perfectly sincere. The "jingle of words" intoxicated him, but it was to be an artist in life that his most full-blooded desires went out. And his Samoan home, with its beautiful site, its numerous dependants, its barbaric dignity, is the realisation of the picture in a dream. Think what it was for a man with his love of the grotesque, and the coloured, and the unusual, to live amidst this kind of thing: "There were folks in tafa, and folks in patchwork; there was every colour of the rainbow in a spot or a cluster; there were men with their heads gilded with powdered sandal-wood, others with heads all purple, stuck full of the petals of a flower. In the midst there was a growing field of outspread food, gradually covering acres. . . . At intervals from one of the squatted villages, an orator would arise. The field was most beyond the reach of any human speaking voice; yet it was possible to catch snatches of this elaborate and cut-and-dry oratory—it was possible for me, for instance, to catch the description of my gift and myself as the Alii Tusitala, O le alii O malo tetele—the chief White Information, the chief of the great Governments. Gay designation?" Or, after a life of invalidism, how would the adventurer's heart stir at the physical ability for "twenty miles ride, sixteen fences taken, ten of the miles in a drenching rain, seven of them fasting and in the morning chill, and six stricken hours' political discussions by an interpreter; to say nothing of sleeping in a native house"! He was a hundred gallant heroes in that ride, you may be sure, which makes him look back with disgust on the "pallid brute that lived in Skerryvore like a weevil in a biscuit." He was aware of his happiness. "Fanny and I rode home; and I moralised by the way. Could we ever stand Europe again? did she appreciate that if we were in London, we should be *actually jostled* in the street? and there was nobody in the whole of Britain who knew how to take ava like a gentleman?

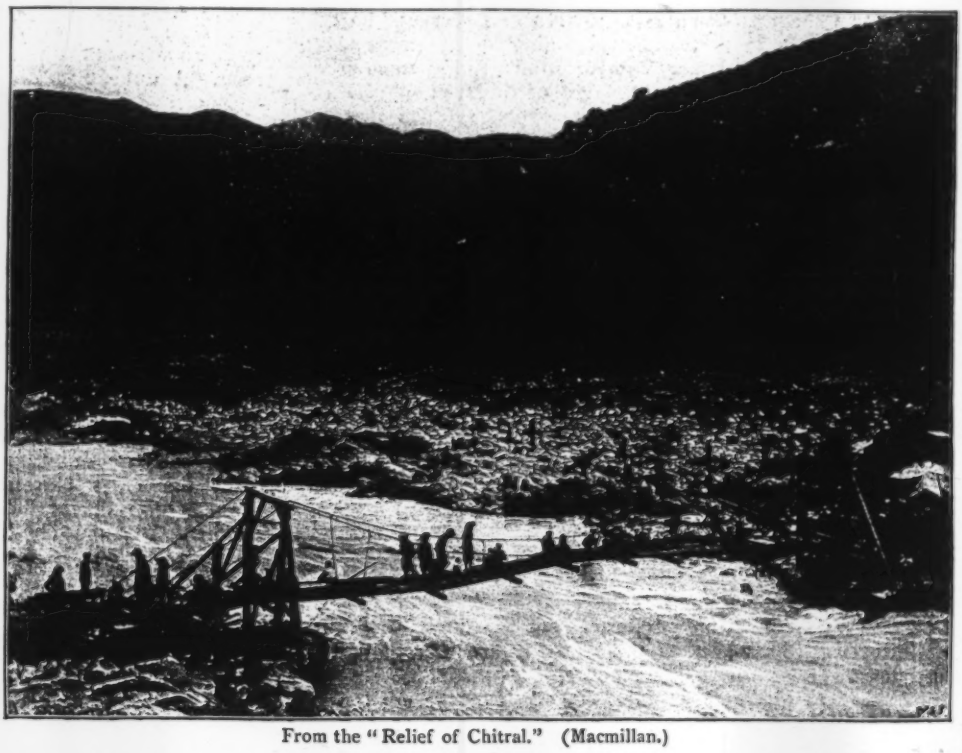
* "Vailima Letters." Being Correspondence addressed by Robert Louis Stevenson to Sidney Colvin, November, 1890—October, 1894. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

'Tis funny to be thus of two civilisations—or, if you like, of one civilisation and one barbarism. And, as usual, the barbarism is the more engaging."

But for the large hospitality he dispensed, for the picturesqueness, for the very possibility of living, he paid dearly. There is this other side of the picture given—humorously enough for the most part; but his brother writers will know what it means. Even his fertile brain, his elastic spirits, were being drawn on unduly. "No toil has been spared over the ungrateful canvas; and it *will not* come together, and I must live, and my family." That again and again comes up, turned aside with a—"Queer thing life"; or, "Well, *il faut cultiver son jardin*"; or, "Weakling generation. It makes me sick of myself, to make such a fash and bobbery over a rotten end of an old nursery yarn, not worth spitting on when done." Yes, the book rouses a protest in us that forced labour should ever have been wrung from this free, joyous spirit, and it demolishes the last rag of Stevenson's brave and most insincere optimism. Perhaps, however, if the sad note sound in our ears above the gayer ones, our recent loss may be partly the cause. There is abundant acknowledgment here of good times, of gaiety, and of infinite variety of interests; and it will be an unsympathetic soul that would wish for more hard-wrought books and grudge his throwing himself with headlong generosity into the native cause, exercising patriarchal authority, gloating over the melodious Samoan tongue, rejoicing in the life-giving air. These letters written in slang, or in the language of tragedy or of trifling, indifferently, paint him and his affectionate, quick-changing nature just as they were, and thus show the best of Stevenson. For whatever be the final estimate of his literary work, his own life was his greatest achievement. A. M.

THE RELIEF OF CHITRAL.*

The two brothers who have collaborated in this book know more about the Chitral Campaign than anyone else who could write a good account of it. One of them was on General Low's staff throughout the operations, and the other, late political officer in Chitral, knew all Colonel Kelly's route intimately. Each has written the portion about which he had nearest information. Official despatches and the writers' own letters to the *Times* have been used to make the account a definite, a detailed, and a vivid one. From the death of Aman-ul-Mulk in 1892 the troubles in Chitral are traced and accounted for, the movements of the various expeditions are explained to us, and the condition of things just now is made clear. Better than a Blue-book to most people, so far as information goes, it has none of the dryness of such. It is a tale of heroism, endurance, enthusiasm; and the fine qualities displayed in the troublous times are not attributed to one side only. Surgeon-Captain Whitchurch's retreat to the fort with the gallant and mortally wounded Baird, exposed to fire all the way, laying down his burden to charge the enemy, then picking him up again, and so struggling to the goal, is done justice to; but so is the Chitrali drummer, cheering on his comrades from the roof of a hut, dropping for a few moments to dress his wounds, then mounting and drumming hard again, his arms ready raised to beat when death at last found him. Not only are the personalities of Dr. Robertson, General Low, Major Townshend, and our other heroes made living and clear, but the careers of the two most interesting adventurers, Sher Afzul and Umra Khan, have justice done them. It is possible to trace the history and geography of the campaign exactly by means of the maps and plans supplied; but general readers get far more than military information from these chapters. The writers are not merely soldiers; the personal, the human, the dramatic, and the political interests of the subject, have in no case been neglected.



From the "Relief of Chitral." (Macmillan.)

* "The Relief of Chitral." By Capt. G. J. Younghusband and Capt. F. E. Younghusband. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

MR. YEATS'S POEMS.*

"Ah, leave me still
A little space for the rose-breath to fill!
Lest I no more hear common things that crave;
The weak worm hiding down in its small cave,
The field mouse running by me in the grass,
And heavy mortal hopes that toil and pass;
But seek alone to hear the strange things said
By God to the bright hearts of those long dead,
And learn to chaunt a tongue men do not know."

This is the key to all the poetry Mr. Yeats has yet given us. The consciousness of two worlds is ever present in his dreams, not this and that of a dim future, but one co-existing with and invading the other, each disputing the other's claims. Perhaps the most revealing thing in all this volume—I am inclined to call it the most remarkable poem—is "The Man who Dreamed of Fairyland." This world was not without its interests to the man. He fell in love. But as "he stood among a crowd at Drumahair," he heard a Druid song, and

"The singing shook him out of his new ease."

He gathered money like a prudent man, but in the midst of his reckonings came a song again,

"And at that singing he was no more wise."

His hot blood was stirred with anger, but as he turned to take vengeance, vengeance fled before a tale of a lonely, peaceful fairy folk, and

"The tale drove his fine angry mood away."

He was gathered to his fathers, and there he might have known stillness—

* "Poems." By W. B. Yeats. 6s. (Unwin.)

"Were not the worms that spired about his bones
A-telling with their low and reedy cry,
Of how God leans His hands out of the sky,
To bless that isle with honey in His tones;
That none may feel the power of squall and wave,
And no one any leaf-crowned dancer miss
Until He burn up Nature with a kiss:
The man has found no comfort in the grave."

These are not the poems of a man who finds fairyland convenient because it provides pretty and picturesque and romantic circumstance. They are haunted by "the wayward twilight companies." For in the balance of one world against another, it is easy to see which scale is the more heavily weighted—in spite of Cathleen and her sacrifice, in spite of the very human "Ephemera," and in spite of the rough ballads, direct translations from humanity. The human nature, by the bye, that interests him most lives near the soil and the roots of things. Rudeness is not repellent to him; and such ballads as "Moll Magee" are fashioned not after literary models, but rather after the rough chanting chronicles that, to this day, give recent and current affairs impressiveness sung by the wandering bards of Brittany.

But the bliss of dreaming—and its ruin, too—

"No maiden loves me, no man seeks my help,
Because I be not of the things I dream,"

are as yet more native themes. Not many of us love poetry very much, and a moderate lover has generally a preference that his own life, idealised, should be the stuff from which poetry is woven. I do not think Mr. Yeats appeals to any moderate lovers. But there are words for those who hanker after what is called the "human element," even outside the poems I have named above. Wisdom has often had a way of dwelling apart from those it lived to help; and in the search for beauty tenderness is a not infrequent comrade, since the searcher finds

"In all poor foolish things that live a day
Eternal Beauty wandering on her way."

Mr. Yeats has revised much, and not always to please his older readers. He has cast out some poems which deserved honourable places, and which surely will not knock at the doors of future editions in vain. There is a lack of finish in some of his work, quite distinguishable from his artful love of the crude. His plays are wanting in a dramatic sense, and there are a few mystical poems which need a key. But there is not one commonplace line. There is hardly a misused term. There is no exaggeration, no eccentricity. It is the verse of a man born into the ranks of the poets, who sees poetry and breathes it, and who happens to have the gift of words. That indeed he has. Listen to it in "The Lake Isle of Inisfree," in "The Rose of Battle," in the almost too much rewritten "Wanderings of Usheen," in the last lament of Oona that ends the "Countess Cathleen":

"The years like great black oxen tread the world,
And God the herdsman goads them on behind,
And I am broken by their passing feet."

A. M.

THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE.*

"The Days of Auld Lang Syne" is the complement, not the supplement, much less the sequel, to "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." The scene is indeed the same; the cast is substantially the old Drumtochty one—with, however, Lachlan Campbell and Donald Menzies left out of the action of the piece, though evidently looking on lovingly at the wings, and ready, as well-coached understudies, to rush in and do their best should Hillocks or Burnbrae or the redoubtable Drumsheugh himself break down. But the new play is essentially lay and mundane; there are in it no seventh heaven raptures, transfigurations, or sermon-tastings. A second reading of the book has left me in doubt as to whether there is any Free Kirk or any Dissent worth speaking of in Drumtochty. There is Burnbrae, to be sure, who would rather leave his farm than be disloyal to his Disruption creed. But even Burnbrae is a man of strong common sense as well as of earnest conviction. In another epoch he would probably have fought at Drumclog, and certainly at Dunkeld, though I should think not at Ayrsmoss. He was of the stock of whom Burns, in spite of his Moderatism—the Burns, by the way, of fact, not of Allan Cunningham—wrote:

"The Solemn League and Covenant
Now brings a smile, now brings a tear,
But Sacred Freedom, too, was theirs;
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneer."

Besides, Burnbrae's battle is fought and won—the pulverisation of that rather too feeble caricature of Claverhouse, the English factor, is perhaps the best incident in a book full of good incidents—by Dr. Alexander Davidson, the parish minister, who is an old Moderate, in other words, a perfectly "straight," but not at all spiritualised layman, with a white tie, a very stiff upper lip, and a soldier's conception of loyalty to duty. Besides, all through "The Days of Auld Lang Syne," Hillocks, Burnbrae, Soutar, Drumsheugh, and all the rest, including even the Doctor, are thinking less of their ministers, texts, sermons, and "experiences," than of such completely terrestrial concerns as sales, crops, leases, weather, and old—but not cold—loves. "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" gave us the first-day-in-the-week Drumtochty; in "The Days of Auld Lang Syne" we have the parish as it is six days in seven, and the most of whose inhabitants are good Churchmen—or Free Churchmen, as the case may be—whose "religion in common life" finds expression in silent action even more than in family worship.

It is perhaps because Drumtochty in its week-day clothes is more difficult of adequate portraiture than Drumtochty in its Sunday best, that I consider Ian Maclaren's new book a distinct advance on its predecessor. I think the transfiguration of Donald Menzies in "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" trembles on the verge of unreality, and that the holder of the MacWhammel scholarship would have been truer to life, not to speak of conscience, had he preached his New Learning sermon—"Semitic environment" and all—rather than have acted in the possibly beautiful and certainly Carlylean way he did, even although he thereby pleased his aunt and the spirit of his mother. Here I find no unreality—although there is abundance of what Mr. Arnold in his ignorance of the depths of Scottish nature termed "intolerable pathos"—not even in the little tragedy of the servant-girl who went to London, or in the loves of the "close" Drumsheugh and the nippy-tongued Jamie Soutar. And this makes me hasten to say that while there is almost no spirituality, there is a great deal of emotion in "The Days of Auld Lang Syne." That emotion overflows its banks as often as the Tochty. As a matter of fact, Ian Maclaren, while obviously—never more obviously than in his new book—a humourist by nature, is a sentimentalist by mission. That is to say, he has set himself deliberately to lay bare the recesses of simple Scottish tenderness and love, to oppose these realities to the so-called realism of the Rougon-Macquart horrors, and—alas that one should have to say so!—of the Wessex of "Jude the Obscure." And that he has succeeded is beyond doubt. In the death of Lily Grant in "A Servant Lass" the author is seen at his very best—better than in the death of the "lad o' pairts," which is to me a trifle too "exalted," or in the death of Maclure, which is too long drawn out. Jamie Soutar plays many parts excellently in this book, but his intrusion into "A Servant Lass," preventing it from becoming too depressingly sad, is perfect. Ian Maclaren is not always, it is true, up to the mark of "A Servant Lass." Drumsheugh's love-secret is too long and too elaborately sustained; I for one should have preferred him to remain a consistent curmudgeon to the end, instead of turning out a pilgrim of love in disguise. But above all things, excess of an essentially optimistic sentimentalism has induced him to make the one blunder of his new book, to pen the almost maudlin last chapter. Ian Maclaren can in most respects stand comparison with Mr. Barrie, but his "Oor Lang Hame" can only be contrasted, and unfavourably for its author, with the return of the "son from London" in "A Window in Thrums," which appears to have suggested it. The appearance of this son in Thrums as a pariah, the agonies of his conscience, the little touches of neighbourly kindliness which ought to temper the boycotting of him as a moral leper by

* "The Days of Auld Lang Syne." By Ian Maclaren. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.) 1895.

his old friends, but which in reality only add to its pangs, his return to London presumably to make a dreary best of it with "the woman who has played the devil with his life"—these constitute the most awful piece of real (for, being moral, it *is* real) Scottish tragedy that has ever been published. Compared with the return of Jamie McQuhumpha to Thrums, that of Chairlie Grant to Drumtochty, to Drumsheugh's heart, and—had that been necessary—to Drumsheugh's cheque-book, seems flat and almost poor.

If Ian Maclaren is a sentimentalist of set (and almost scientific) purpose, he is a humourist by nature. If

From "Rambles and Studies in Bosnia-Herzegovina and Dalmatia" (Blackwood).

"Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" indicated this in unmistakable fashion, "The Days of Auld Lang Syne" places the fact beyond all question. What is more, it demonstrates the variety as well as the quality of its author's humour. When he keeps it free from emotion as he does entirely in "A Triumph of Diplomacy," and almost entirely in "Good News from a Far Country," and in the "Nippy Tongue" section of Jamie Soutar's history, he comes nearer to Galt than any of his contemporaries, Mr. Barrie himself not excepted. I have said that "A Servant Lass" is Ian Maclaren's high water mark as yet. But for pure and dry, but not ungenial drollery, there is nothing in this volume or in its predecessor to match Hillocks' ingenious devices to secure the renewal of his lease on good terms, or the successful efforts of the Drumtochty worthies to magnify their Professor in a far country, who happily does not die like Domsie. Jamie Soutar's hits, as at the Cockney temperance lecturer and the too confident evangelical preacher, are delicious. His end is perhaps a trifle overdone, and suggests the mendacious captain in "Peter Simple," who affirms with his last gasp that he has known a man live with the death-rattle in his throat for six weeks. But it is eminently quotable and Dean Ramsayish. "Kirsty Stewart came to share the night watch with Elspeth, but neither presumed, till nearly daybreak, when Kirsty declared, with the just weight of her medical authority, that all was over. 'He hes the look, an' his hands are as cold as ice; feel his feet, wumman.' 'A' canna find them,' said Elspeth, making timid explorations. 'They used to be on the end o' ma legs,' remarked Jamie, as if uncertain where they might now be placed."

Mr. Watson's humour—I say Mr. Watson's rather than Ian Maclaren's advisedly—is, however, seen at its richest and ripest in his sketch of Archibald MacKittrick, otherwise "Posty." This is the best and most toughly Scottish character of the "carl hemp" order Mr. Watson has yet drawn—full of the national pride as well as the national humour, prone to small sinning in the way of an occasional dram, but fiercely "independent in his sinning," withal tender and, as his death shows, capable of giving away his life. "Past Redemption" is not so perfectly artistic as "A Servant Lass," but it is a very good second. Whether or not it be true, as rumour has it, that Ian Maclaren has said good-bye to Drumtochty, he has, in Hillocks, Jamie Soutar, Domsie, Burnbrae, Posty, and Drumsheugh (at all events Drumsheugh before he was found out), made most important additions to the portrait-gallery of that Scottish character which is nine-tenths of our national life, even although, being more given to self-effacement than to self-advertisement, it is only one-tenth of our public history.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

BOSNIA-HERZEGOVINA.*

Bosnia already knows the tread of the adventurous tourist, and before long it will be a familiar ground, for the country is now tranquil, safe to travel in, and it is being opened out. Its picturesque scenery and healthy climate, its interesting people, will each draw wanderers who are tired of the beaten track. Dr. Munro's book has two sides, and one appeals strongly to the holiday maker, tempting him by pictures and descriptions of primitive life and pleasant wanderings. The other relates to the investigations made by him and his brother *savants* among the tombs and other monuments of the provinces. These investigations were of great importance, and even the unlearned will watch with interest the secrets of old forgotten history and domestic life wrung from the sculptured stones, the weapons, utensils, and ornaments examined here. Dr. Munro points to a fascinating field for further investigation, the strange and mysterious Bogumil faith, in which little has yet been seriously done; while Scotch and Irish readers of antiquarian or artistic tastes must be delighted with the numerous examples of interlaced patterns from the sculptured stones, and with the comparative commentaries thereon.

THE STORY OF ROSINA.†

Externally on the model of the poet's and the artist's last year's Christmas book, there is every reason to believe that "Rosina" will compete, in wide popularity, even with "The Ballad of Beau Brocade." There is the same combination of the graces of the two arts. Mr. Thomson was born to illustrate just such delicate fancies, such old-world scenes, but we do not by any means give him all the credit for the pretty book. His pictures wanting, we should still have sighed over poor Rosina—beloved of Boucher, in one natural moment wrested from his court beauties—still have fallen in love with Dorothy, a lily in a rough garden—her portrait is in our supplement, p. 12,—and chuckled over "A Virtuoso." This last is a gem—

"Be seated, pray. 'A grave appeal?'
The sufferers by the war, of course;
Ah, what a sight for us who feel,—
The monstrous mélodrame of Force!
We, sir, we connoisseurs, should know,
On whom its heaviest burden falls;
Collections shattered at a blow,
Museums turned to hospitals!"

Follow the little drama, where it is to be found, at the close of this fascinating and dainty book.

MIRACLE PLAYS.‡

The feeling that inspired these is as devout as that which moved the old makers of Christmas plays and carols in the ages when there were no chilly sceptics about; and from the sincerity of feeling has sprung genuine poetry. The Annunciation, the Visitation, the Nativity, the Presentation in the Temple, the Flight into Egypt, the Finding in the Temple, are treated imaginatively but very simply. Use is made of old legend as well as of the gospel versions, and the result is full of tenderness and of a beauty quaint and altogether unaffected. The domestic side of the holy story has never been more gracefully commemorated than

* "Rambles and Studies in Bosnia-Herzegovina and Dalmatia. With an Account of the Proceedings of the Congress of Archæologists and Anthropologists, held in Sarajevo, August, 1894." By Robert Munro. Illustrated. (Blackwood.)

† "The Story of Rosina, and Other Verses." By Austin Dobson. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. 6s. (Kegan Paul.)

‡ "Miracle Plays: Our Lord's Coming and Childhood." By Katharine Tynan Hinkson. Illustrated by Patten Wilson. 5s. (Lane.)

in the pretty verses that run to this simple and pleasing metre :—

"To kings and kindly shepherd men,
And dog and sheep that turn again,
Of His sweet countenance full fain,
Be health and full increase."

Mrs. Hinkson's part makes this a delightful Christmas book. But, to speak frankly, the pictures are poor things.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF WARREN HASTINGS.*

It needs a little time and patience to get all the possible good out of Sir Charles Lawson's book. It is not very orderly, nor proportionate, but there is a great amount of material in it of one kind and another, new and old, important and unimportant, curious and trivial. Perhaps the first words of the title may rouse a curiosity that the book does not satisfy; this is not altogether the biographer's fault. He has taken far more trouble than anyone else to get at the real Warren Hastings, and he has been helped by various members of the family who have unpublished documents belonging to their great relative.

From "The Private Life of Warren Hastings." (Sonnenschein.)

But the man is not revealed in his private diaries, nor very much in his poems. There is ample evidence of his passionately affectionate nature, of his patience, of his dignity, but so there is also of his reticence—his placing the handkerchief over his dying face to hide the physical agony from his watchers, was very significant. But so far as a man can be shown from the outside, he is shown here; his family history has been diligently gathered, his own career accurately sketched, his manner of life in his retirement at Daylesford pleasantly described, and his friendships are dealt with in detail. The facsimiles and the numerous illustrations are in themselves of great interest. The drawing of the Trial in Westminster Hall is finely reproduced. Sir Charles Lawson does not quite know how to write a book, but he does know how to collect material for one; and he has enthusiasm, always a good thing in a biographer. He is unjust to Sir Philip Francis, but a prudent reader can rectify the error in his own mind as he goes along, and if he be a historical student he will be grateful for being put on the scent of many little known records and memorials of the time.

NOVEL NOTES.

A COMEDY OF SENTIMENT. By Max Nordau. Translated by Jessie Haynes. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The fame of Herr Nordau's versatility has spread even here; so that he can write a clever novel will not sound an astonishing addition to his other accomplishments. This is a clever novel; or to speak more accurately, it is a story written by a very able man—one who might be partial, unfair, shortsighted, and arrogant, as able men often are, but who could not write balderdash; nor, from clumsiness, misrepresent what he actually understood. It is an episode in the life of a scientific man, who falls into the toils of a designing woman, and has a narrow escape. We confess we should have respected him more had he not escaped. In some respects he is most worthy, devoted to his mother, with whom he lives, delivering up to her his salary as he receives it, and having no secrets from her till Frau Ehrwein comes into his life. But there is another side of him which revolts us. While giving way to his sensual passions he is perfectly aware of his folly, and he exhibits a hard, calculating, and most unhumorous temper throughout his *liaison*, which is complicated by his weak and insincere attempt to play the part of devoted lover. As for Paula, the less said about her the better. Her efforts to entrap Bruchstädt are so noisy, violent, and vulgar, that they would disgust a tavern-haunter; and when he is in her toils she keeps him there by the grossest flattery for the most sordid pecuniary reasons. Those who read "The Comedy of Sentiment" within a reasonable time of reading a much greater book, "Jude the Obscure," may observe a certain likeness between Paula and Arabella. But the dash of generosity in the rough, coarse Arabella is wanting in this woman of culture, who, if less ugly, is more corrupt. Of course, Herr Nordau looks on her as she ought to be looked on; but there is so little relief to her vileness, Bruchstädt's prosaic, calculating nature, and his ridiculous game of love, affording none at all, that the picture is more sordid and crueller than we like to look at, save on the canvas of one whose art and whose human sympathy are greater than Herr Nordau's.

THE YELLOW WAVE. By Kenneth Mackay. 6s. (Bentley.)

A prophecy or a fantasy?—perhaps Mr. Mackay could not tell which he meant by this romance of the Asiatic Invasion of Australia. As soon as we had looked at his preface we felt sure he had read too much for the purpose of any novel, and were prepared for some labour. We gave it more willingly than we expected, for there is something exciting in the story of the Yellow invasion led by the dashing Leroy—otherwise Orloff, once an outcast for having killed an unworthy suitor of the girl he loved. Of course, the girl comes into his later story. He proposes to make her queen over his yellow hordes, but she draws him away from his cruel ambitions. Perhaps Mr. Mackay, like his readers, had some doubt of Orloff's steadfastness; for he provides him with a sudden end, which is shared by the heroine.

CHRONICLES OF MARTIN HEWITT. By Arthur Morrison. 5s. Illustrated by D. Murry Smith. (Ward, Lock.)

Martin Hewitt, if less of an interesting personality than Sherlock Holmes, solves still more complicated puzzles. Some are so complicated that they have the look of being hard of invention, not a merit in this kind of story. On the other hand, they are really beyond a mere reader's solution, which is as it should be. And if Mr. Morrison can do better kind of work, he honours his present employment by putting good writing into it.

THE SCRIPTURE READER OF ST. MARK'S. By K. Douglas King. (Hutchinson.)

Perhaps Miss King would contradict us if we said there was no relief to the intense sadness of her story. She could point to Lee's shortlived happiness, and to the picture of Alexandra's prosperity in Australia. But it was these made his loneliness so bitter. No, if a fair admixture of bright and gay be necessary to make fiction tolerable, this story is beyond endurance. Yet it is a novel of truth, and power, and intense sympathy. There seems to be only one point in it feeble in reality—Alexandra's excuses for not marrying Lee at once are framed a little too much after the pattern of Mr. Hardy's heroines to be quite characteristic of Alexandra as we know her. Otherwise her personality is vividly presented, her tender, kittenish affection hiding unwittingly, and almost innocently, her shallowness and guile.

THE STOLEN BACILLUS, and other Incidents. By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mr. Wells has found out with much ingenuity and some irreverence the lighter and the more fantastic side of science. From it and a few other circumstances he has wrought stories, monstrous, or humorous, or merely silly. One half of

* "The Private Life of Warren Hastings." By Sir Charles Lawson. With 3 photogravure portraits, 78 illustrations, and facsimiles. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

the talent in these inventions is high spirits, the rest comes from a genuine humour. There are weird stories among them too, but with the exception of "The Lord of the Dynamos," we are inclined to rank the amusing ones, like "The Hammerpond Park Burglary," far higher.

AT THE SIGN OF THE GUILLOTINE. By Harold Spender. (Unwin.)

The French Revolution has supplied many a novelist with his incidents. But this one has the distinction of being good. Men and women have a way of looking unreal and stagy against an imposing background of history. Only the great masters can prevent this. With the dropping of familiar homely attitudes and interests, something of the kind is visible here, but not obtrusively; for we follow the characters with interest, and feel this much of reality about them, that, save when they are acting historical parts known to us, we are not quite sure what they will do next. Elise, the heroine, who has the misfortune to be loved by Robespierre, and the happiness to be loved by better men, talks and looks, so far as we can see her, in the conventional style of a heroine of historical romance; but she is continually surprising us by her actions, her motives, and her thinking. Yet we are less touched by her love story than by the friendship between her lover, Louvier, and the aristocratic Saint-Saens. The descriptive passages are always forcible and vivid, and none is more so than the short one which shows us Robespierre baited in the Convention.

LANCASHIRE IDYLLS. By Marshall Mather. 6s. (Warne.)

Here, as in nearly all books aiming at the interpretation of country character, the sentiment is a little over done. The roughness is so evident that the chronicler emphasizes the sentiment by way of calling our attention off mere rude externals; and thus the pictures are often emasculated. Now and again Mr. Mather is guilty of this—not often. We have read his idylls with much admiration; he understands his people of the North-east Lancashire Valley, and he makes us like them, and respect them, too. On their religious side he has specially striven to represent them truly.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF AUREOLE. (Chatto and Windus.)

There are pages in Aureole's journal that make one think of the fashion columns in ladies' papers; there are other portions that are completely irrelevant—the trip to Norway, for instance—and have been evidently put in as padding. The rest is amusing, and now and again brilliant. The outpourings of the good-hearted, affectionate beauty who is so shockingly indiscreet, and is always getting into scrapes, make lively entertainment. But then the merits of the book show its faults in a very aggravating light.

IN A HOLLOW OF THE HILLS. By Bret Harte. 3s. 6d. (Chapman and Hall.)

We need a little confidence in the writer's power of amusing us to sustain us during the first stiff chapters. The circumstance is good all along, but the story weaves itself out too slowly for its entire length. Complete, we own its vigour, and its touchingness. "In a Hollow of the Hills" is not in his liveliest vein, but the wild life in the Californian valley, among road agents and their victims, is made vivid to us with that absence of melodrama which marks Bret Harte's management of such themes.

EGERIA. By Lily Thicknesse. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

Egeria was not a pleasant woman. She had had a rough time, and it had left ugly marks on her. She was not high-minded, and she was rather vulgar. But she had pluck, and we follow her about the story more willingly than any of the other characters; for among a group of shadows she is a reality, and she rouses our pity. Mark Bayard is a self-centred, moody young hero, and women were much too kind to him; but there is nothing unreal about that. There is a deal of cleverness scattered about this not very successful book. But not one scene is vividly presented; and the general effect is dulness.

THE CAVALIER. By S. R. Keightly. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

In manner and matter this story is like many another. A brave-spirited lad becomes a brave and loyal gentleman, suffers much, fights stoutly, and sticks to a losing cause. All the conventional English virtues are packed into him. There are a thousand of his kind in English fiction. But if in the matter of originality, or as a study of human nature, it is not very valuable, it must be owned to be far above the average adventure story in literary workmanship and in liveliness of incident. There are pathetic passages, too, that move one by their genuineness. It is well illustrated by Mr. Vedder.

THE EXPEDITION OF CAPTAIN FLICK. By Fergus Hume. 3s. 6d. (Jarrold.)

Had this extraordinary story been told in any other style but its own, it would have only seemed a rather bad joke, or it would have bored us. A little tall talk would have put us out of tune at once for belief in the marvellous island, the strange natives, the temples, the earthquakes, the volcanoes, the savage fighting, and the sudden disappearance of the object of the expedition. But there is such a genial, matter-of-fact tone in the voice of the story-teller, and Captain Flick was such a wonderful old tar, that from first page to last we are in the mood to listen credulously to all the marvels related. Only when the book is closed does it strike us we have been reading an extravaganza.

THE LONG ARM. By Mary E. Wilkins. And other Detective Stories. By G. Ira Brett, Brander Matthews, and Roy Tellet.

Miss Mary Wilkins can write a detective story. That, after all, is not so surprising. Probably she has imagination enough to write a romance of the days of Nero, if she wanted to. But what one admires here, is not her usual success in a new field so much as her new success in an old one. She has not gone out to the great highways of the world, or into its dark corners of mystery, to find her crime; but she has brought crime to the New England village she knows by heart. Just out of her ordinary material, the hard, bony, austere, unjoyous men and women, she has made the criminal, the victim, the suspected persons, and the detective; and crime, motive and detection, are all of local colour. This is done with a right instinct. There are other good stories in the book. Mr. Roy Tellet's "Secret of the Treaty" especially deserves mention.

THE SIGNORA. By Percy Andreae. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

The character of Mr. Andreae's past work is a benefit to him. It made us read many dull pages with perfect confidence that something of interest was going to turn up; and it did. All the same the book is disappointing, for the mystery on which the story hangs we discovered some hundreds of pages before the hero, whom it much more nearly concerned. After you know the solution it is dull work watching the fumbling of other searchers. Mr. Andreae is a great inventor of mysteries—never mere commonplace ones. Indeed his talent in this way is altogether exceptional. But, save in "Stanhope of Chester," he has generally drawn them out too long, and to make this the more unfortunate, his style is both prim and cumbersome. A little more lightness of touch, a little more briskness, and with his power of thinking out unusual or romantic circumstances, he might go far.

"NOT EXACTLY." By E. M. Stooke. 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)

This is quite evidently a humorous story. The author and his characters seem convinced of it. Somehow the reader is never allowed the full benefit of the fun; he remains an outsider, and gets depressed accordingly, as he might when listening to the slow laughter of a village, not his own, over old stories too well known to be told in full. There is a romance in it readable enough, but the humour doesn't come off, in spite of a great many cranky characters, the vicar's trite quotations, the vicaress's shrewish temper, and Mr. Pokinhorne's personal appearance. The hero was dubbed by his neighbours "Not Exactly" in reference, probably, to some defect in his mental machinery. Except a general disappointed sense that the writer's kind intentions of amusing us have fallen through, we have no harm to say of his book; only, to take a suggestion from himself, his story is "not exactly."

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE, AND OBSERVATIONS ON NATURE. By Gilbert White. With the Text and New Letters of the Buckland Edition. Introduction by John Burroughs. Illustrations by Clifton Johnson. 2 vols. 10s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

We are glad this American edition has found its way here. It deserves a welcome, and there are many pleasing features about it. It is a handsome book; its clear type shows well on the glossiest of paper, the illustrations are very numerous and beautifully reproduced. The new letters must be really new to most readers, and Mr. Burroughs was just the man to write a good introduction—to write a better one even than he has done, to speak truly. It has such solid virtues that it must be popular. But perhaps some, who handle it, will agree with us that it is not the ideal White's Selborne. To begin with, it is inordinately heavy. Then a book like this is just the one where notes are of use. Recent researches and observations by a skilled naturalist confirming or disputing White's would be of first-rate interest. White's and Markwick's calendars should be followed by another compiled in recent years. That is where the book should be modern. The editor and publisher have thought otherwise—that the pictures should supply the present-day interest. They are many, and some of them pretty. If we have been in the Selborne neighbourhood, or mean to go there, we like to look at them, for they represent the village, and the countryside, and the people, and their occupations, as they are just now. It is a sleepy, little-changing world, but the reproduction of a few old prints of the country as it was in White's time, if these are to be procured, would please us more. Or, accepting the present plan, the omission of some not very characteristic sketches would have made room for pictures of more of the places in which White made his observations,—the Alice Holt forest, for instance, or Frensham and Bramshott Heaths. Then there should be a map of the neighbourhood, and, of course, there should be an index. The ideal "White's Selborne" is still lacking. Meanwhile, here is a very pretty gift-book one.

ADVANCE JAPAN. By J. Morris. Illustrated. (W. H. Allen.)

Books on Japan are very numerous, and on the whole they are good. This one, however, is not superfluous. It is a very business-like and very full account of the country, mostly from a practical, outside point of view. Mr. Morris has been struck with the fact that to many people the artistic powers of the Japanese have been their most prominent feature. He has, however, always regarded them as "an intensely painstaking, hard-working, frugal, and thoughtful people," and it is as a "nation in earnest" that he has portrayed them here. For actual information about the Japan of to-day, her commerce, education, politics, and prospects, we have seen nothing so convenient as the present work. It is a handy reference book, but it is distinctly readable, and the illustrations, many of them by an accomplished Japanese artist, Mr. R. Isayama, are well chosen as to subject, and very pleasing.

PLATFORM, PRESS, POLITICS, AND PLAY. Being Pen and Ink Sketches of Contemporary Celebrities from the Tone to the Thames, via Avon and Isis. By T. H. S. Escott. (Arrowsmith.)

Mr. Escott's book is issued from a West country publishing house, and addressed first of all to West country readers. In some delightful reminiscences of his family, his childhood, and youth, he reminds them that he is one of themselves; and then for their benefit he tells all that befel him when he wantlered away to Oxford and to London, of the writers and the statesmen he met and talked to, and the characters famous and obscure that he studied. Though he does not speak directly to us we listen very willingly. Indeed, few who have lived so intimately in literary and political London have so good a memory. There is hardly a name introduced without some characteristic anecdote or memorable circumstance, and if the book had an index, which of course it hasn't, it would be excellent for reference. As it is, we place it high among the interesting records of literary London during the last thirty years. Kinglake, Disraeli, Douglas Cook, Tom Hood, George Eliot, of whom he makes fun, Abraham Hayward, Delane, and Hannay, are some of the notables he talks about, while his histories of newspapers, descriptions of Bohemian haunts, and portraits of journalists, fill the pages to overflowing, and make a book that owes nothing save disadvantage to its style, one, nevertheless, of first-rate interest. Mr. Escott is singularly modest, and almost too little egotistic. If he has more reminiscences, and some in which he plays the leading rôle, we shall be delighted to have them.

AN INTRODUCTION TO FOLK-LORE. By M. R. Cox. 3s. 6d. (Nutt.)

This is a book that was very much wanted. Mr. Hartland's and Mr. Gomme's popular contributions to the science, if such it be, of folk-lore, are excellent, but limited in subject. Comprehensiveness, even at the risk of thinness, was just the thing needed by any book that should seek to guide the beginner. Miss Cox knows her subject, and though doubtless she has many theories of her own, she does not experimentalise here, thinking it more useful to state, with abundant and interesting examples, the main opinions of Spencer, Tyler, and Lang, which rule the English students of the subject to-day, and to refer the curious to all the best books. Hers is very complete in plan, as well as very pleasant to read; and for a clear statement of the spread and evidence of belief on certain matters we know nothing quite so good. In saying so, we have in our mind especially the chapters on "The Separable Soul," and "The Other World."

THE ART OF FLORAL ARRANGEMENT.
From "Advance Japan." (W. H. Allen.)

HORACE WALPOLE AND HIS WORLD. FANNY BURNEY AND HER FRIENDS. Edited by L. B. Seeley. New Editions. (Seeley).

Mr. Seeley has in both cases, but especially in Walpole's, done his work with a fine instinct for the characteristic passages. From Walpole's letters, from Fanny Burney's Journal and her other writings, he has taken the tit-bits, joining the detached quotations by just enough narrative and explanation to make a complete and intelligible picture, and introducing both books by a biographical account of their subjects and the world they lived in. Neither the Letters of one nor the Journals of the other are heavy reading, swallowed whole; but small appetites and hasty meals have to be provided for, and hence the need for such skill as Mr. Seeley's. Each volume has a satisfactory photogravure frontispiece.

SOUTH AFRICA. By H. Basil Worsfold. 6s. (Methuen.)

Books on Africa, central and south, are becoming embarrassingly numerous, and when one is placed on the top of the other they are often found to cover almost the same ground, the freshly accumulated facts being too few in each new one to add much to our general knowledge. But Mr. Worsfold's has some special features. It is a history of the past as well as the present; and it has an account, coherent at least, of the Chartered Company and Mr. Cecil Rhodes, while the colonial specialist politician will find an excellent statistical appendix and the text of the Convention of London. Then he writes not merely as a peering tourist, but like a cultivated man. General readers will doubtless turn with curiosity to his chapter on "South African Literature." It is not Mr. Worsfold's fault that it is disappointing, that, beyond political essay-writers, literature is represented by only two authors of repute—Thomas Pringle, a native of Scotland, but whose best poetry was inspired by South Africa, and Olive Schreiner, whom Mr. Worsfold estimates very highly. His book is workmanlike, intelligent, and appeals to many varied interests.

STUDIES IN BOTH ARTS. Being Ten Subjects Drawn and Described. By John Ruskin. 21s. (Allen.)

This is by far the most important and attractive of recent Ruskin publications, and one of the most beautiful books of the year. It "aims at a worthier representation of Mr. Ruskin's work. The plates have been produced from important drawings hitherto unpublished, and representing most of the different styles in which he has worked at different times." The aim is fulfilled. The reproduction by photogravure and by chromo-lithography of the drawings is pleasing in a high degree, and Mr. Ruskin must surely be gratified. The selection of subjects, too, is good, including an exquisite drawing of Naples, the Fondaco de' Turchi, Venice, most successfully reproduced in colour, and the Tomb of Can Signorio, Verona. The descriptive text is in Mr. Ruskin's own words. A delightful book.

THE THOROUGH GOOD COOK. By G. A. Sala. 21s. (Cassell.)

Mr. Sala buttonholes the General Reader, the Lady of the House, and Mrs. Cook, and has a confidential chat with each on his methods and opinions, before setting seriously to work. For he does work seriously, in spite of his bland and gossipy manner of giving you information. He has tested every recipe, he tells us, having been fifty-five years in the profession. To grasp the whole of his learning and put it in practice you must not be struggling on a small income, but it admits of being taken in instalments, and it is thoroughly practical, or will seem so to all who have matriculated in the career—that is, passed the roasting and boiling stage. Much will be found new to English cooks; but we think the most useful portions are those that treat of the perfect way of doing what all, very erroneously, think themselves capable of already.

THE UNIVERSE. By F. A. Pouchet. 270 engravings on wood. Four coloured plates. Twelfth edition. (Blackie.)

Pouchet's "Universe is well known as a popular scientific encyclopædia, handy for reference, and written and illustrated in a way that has made it a favourite with young people of scientific tastes. And the chapter on Popular Errors, Monsters and Superstitions, has attracted many whom the exact information repelled. The book has been a good deal revised recently, and new plates have been added to this twelfth edition. We know no better book of the kind for a schoolroom library.

CLIMBING IN THE BRITISH ISLES (Wales and Ireland). Wales: by W. P. Haskett Smith. Ireland: by H. C. Hart. Illustrated by Ellis Carr. 3s. 6d. (Longmans.)

Only a perusal of Mr. Hart's part in the work will convince most mountaineers of the extent their sport can be indulged in in Ireland. Outside Kerry and Donegal, even, there are climbs worth making, and if they do not tempt the more ambitious Alpine Club man, active tourists and anglers who find themselves in Ireland for their own purposes, are recommended to procure this handy guide, which will certainly entice them to vary their occupations. Mr. Hart writes with a dry, concise enthusiasm that tempts one's feet to follow him. Mr. Haskett Smith's part goes over more familiar ground, but his hints, routes, and narratives are his own, and valuable to climbers. Both writers have aimed first at giving as much information as possible, and at giving it clearly.

LITERARY TYPES. Being Essays in Criticism. By E. B. Chancellor. 4s. 6d. (Sonnenschein.)

From a reader's point of view this is a useless kind of book; but then a reader is too apt to think solely of his own benefit. A good part of the books produced to-day have been written for their writers' benefit or pleasure, and most of them, doubtless, have served the quite unobjectionable first purpose of giving a definite aim to reading, study, and research. These essays on Lamb, de Quincey, Carlyle, Landor, Dickens, and Coleridge, contain nothing new or suggestive to anyone of average literary education. When they make a point it is generally by quotation, and perhaps the source to which the book is most indebted is Mr. Henley's "Views and Reviews." When the author trusts himself to make an original remark, it is generally wrong or superficial, as when he says, "Autobiography is always the most untrustworthy source to which we can go." But his remarks are not at all pretentious, nor verbose, and they are rarely absurd. They are the simple-minded utterances of a genuine lover of books who has enjoyed, who has longed to express his enjoyment, to account for the time he has spent in it, and then had a kindly thought of sharing his enjoyment with others. And they have the merit of great charity. He is as timorous in his judgments as a maiden lady criticising the curate, explains almost apologetically why he dares call de Quincey a man of letters and Carlyle a philosopher, and thinks Lamb was "perhaps unnecessarily, if not unjustly (if such a word can be applied to *his* criticisms), severe on those north of the Tweed." Mr. Chancellor's notes of his reading may not be very valuable to scholars, but he makes no such claim for them. They may set a beginner on the road; at least they will lead no one far astray.

MONTESQUIEU'S GRANDEUR ET DECADENCE DES ROMAINS. (Mudie.)

This is the first volume of what promises to be a desirable series of French classics. They may be called superfluous, and certainly they have not the interest or value of learned editing, for the text alone is given; but Mr. Mudie justifies the existence of the series by the charming form—or rather alternative forms—in which he issues it. Germany is responsible for the printing, which is fair; the title page might be improved. But both bindings are unusually pretty and tasteful, and may force these French classics into circles where the French novel has generally undisputed sway.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF FRENCH LITERATURE. By Marcel Rosey. 1s. (Blackie.)

Though this is a school-book, it will probably be bought with eagerness by other than students who see in its title a chance of self-cultivation. It is a pity, therefore, that it is not better. Of course, in fifty-seven small pages only a bare skeleton of the subject could be given, but M. Rosey has not shown much judgment in the manner of using his limited opportunity. We have no fault to find with the earlier portion, which is about as good as the space allows of; but the chapter on contemporary literature should have

been omitted, or only names of authors and works, dates, and classifications been given. Here are the passages devoted to two distinguished writers of the day. "M. Edouard Pailleron, who is younger than the last named, wrote a few comedies, such as *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*, in which he displayed great literary merit as well as great cleverness in the treatment of his subjects." "M. Anatole France has adopted, in several of his novels and short stories, a kind of archaic form of narrative, but his prose is very fine." Of what use to any person is this jumble of vagueness and of non-essentials, with staring gaps where the obviously necessary information should be? Generally we have only praise and admiration for Messrs. Blackie's school books.

SOME STORY AND PICTURE BOOKS.

HUON OF BORDEAUX: Done into English by Sir John Bourchier, Lord Berners, and now retold by Robert Steele, with drawings by Fred Mason. (G. Allen.)

A chronicle that Shakespeare read, and that gave him a suggestion for his Oberon, possesses that secondary interest which is sometimes found more enticing than a book's own individual excellence. But "Huon's" merits as a heroic story, bravely told, were enough to ensure its appreciation among those with hearts tuned to the chronicles of mighty deeds, in the days when the Chansons de Geste were popular literature; and should be gratefully recognised now when the "tales of old time" are being reinstated in the affections of a goodly number, and when modern imitations of them are the favourite reading of the many. Huon, Charlemagne's vassal, fell into trouble with his overlord, and would have died a shameful death had it not been for the friendship extended to him by Oberon—a more worldly and a more melancholy Oberon than Shakespeare's. The struggles of the hero, the treachery of jealous knights, and the helping hand stretched to him from fairy-land, make not only a brave story, but a poetical one, too. Lord Berners' version has not been materially altered by Mr. Steele in this very beautiful edition. Mr. Mason's pictures and decorations are excellent, and have been worthily printed. The book, a very handsome one, is the first of the "Charlemagne Series."

THE FAMILY AT MISRULE. By Ethel Turner. (Ward, Lock.)

The authoress of "Seven Little Australians" continues her history of the amusing Woolcot family, and her sequel is a success. The children are so real, their troubles and their desires are so cut out of actual life, that young people must adopt them as friends. Five years have passed over their heads since they were last seen; so a certain amount of grown-up interest is to be expected; but the nursery and schoolroom humours and tempers and adventures keep the sentimental in its place.

KATAWAMPUS. Its treatment and Cure. By E. A. Parry. Illustrated by A. Macgregor. 3s. 6d. (Nutt.)

"When you have tantrums you cry for what you cannot get, but in Katawampus you cannot get what you cry for." If this explanation be insufficient, an inquirer is referred to the book itself, and especially to the illustration on p. 22—the Katawampus Insect as seen under the microscope, which is a summary of the whole subject. The attacks of the malady and its cure, as related genially by Judge Parry, make an amusing book; and the story is greatly helped by Mr. Macgregor's pictures.

MEDIÆVAL LEGENDS. Five legends. Being a Gift-Book to the children of England of Old World Tales from France and Germany. By Mrs. Leighton. 3s. 6. (Nutt.)

If pictures are needed to make a first-rate children's gift-book, this one cannot claim to be such, pretty volume though it is, thanks to Messrs. Constable and the binders. The pictures are all in the words. But it has no other disadvantage. The stories of Melusina, Æsop, Fleur and Blanchfleur, the Seven Suabians (told in verse), and Duke Ernest, are as good tales as young people are likely to find anywhere outside the "Arabian Nights," "Grimm," and the Round Table Stories; and Mrs. Leighton's versions are very spirited. They are not for nursery youngsters, but for boys and girls who have learnt how to read, and like some little complications by which to test their intelligence. And they are for a great many grown up people, too, who have not the skill or the time to find this kind of matter in out of the way books.

MORE FAIRY TALES FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS. Edited by E. Dixon. Illustrated by J. D. Batten. (Dent.)

A worthy sequel to Miss Dixon's first volume. There is something to be said for selection in a case like this, and she has certainly picked out the most entrancing stories. The text is edited and abridged from Galland. The interference often spells improvement and the stories read excellently. Mr. Batten is as good and original as usual. Personally we like the designs in ordinary black and white better than the photogravures, but have found few to agree with us. Altogether a successfully produced book.

JOSEPH THE DREAMER. By Robert Bird. 5s. (Longmans.)

Mr. Bird's books, treating of scriptural and religious themes, and addressed to children—"Jesus the Carpenter of Nazareth" and "A Child's Religion"—are already favourites, and deservedly so. Their practical yet reverent attitude to religion must appeal to all children, and influence them in a wholesome way. Very few writers, indeed, have succeeded in making such matters seem so much of a reality to the young. Mr. Bird has a pleasant power of narrative, too, which helps him in his work. The present volume is very attractive. Joseph's life at home and in Egypt is described with great beauty and vividness, and what is more important, in words that intelligent children will willingly read.

A BOOK OF NURSERY SONGS AND RHYMES. Edited by S. Baring Gould. With illustrations by members of the Birmingham Art School, under the direction of A. J. Gaskin. 6s. (Methuen.)

Those who have seen much of Mr. Gaskin's work, and his Hans Andersen in particular, must know he would not allow drawings made under his direction to be sent out unless they were graceful, intelligent, and artistic. These are the best designs we have yet seen of his pupils. The page borders especially are excellent in design, and only limitations of space prevent us giving a sample. The collection of nursery rhymes is, since it has been made by Mr. Baring Gould, very complete, and among the game rhymes we have found several quite new ones. His introduction strikes us as not very happy, but the notes are just what is wanted.

THE GARDEN BEHIND THE MOON. Written and Illustrated by Howard Pyle. 6s. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

Mr. Pyle has swallowed so much fairy literature in his time that it has become part of him, and when he attempts to make a fairy-story of his own, it has a good many of the virtues of the real old ones. These tales of the Moon-Angel, the Moon-House, the Black Winged Horse, and the Princess Amelia, are delicate in fancy, and they are amusing. But perhaps for the pictures he should receive most credit. They are exceptionally good; and one, "David sat down on the wooden-bench and took up a big star," we have turned to over and over again with pleasure.

OLD ENGLISH FAIRY TALES. Collected by S. Baring Gould. Illustrated by F. D. Bedford. (Methuen.)

The advantage that Mr. Baring Gould's collection has over others of the kind, is that he has newer, that is, older stories to tell. We are sure that at least half this volume will be new to every reader to-day who is not a student of folk-lore. The conclusion to be drawn is not that he has told the ones that were not good enough to survive in popular favour. The stories here are enthralling, besides having the delight of novelty about them. They are of the good old brand, only some wear their likeness with a difference, and that difference is in many cases a greater poetical distinction, which seems to belong to the essentials of the tales rather than to their treatment. The editor has had his will with them, joining several together, and introducing the episodes of one into another that seemed to want filling up; but if you want to know the extent of his interference you need only turn to his notes. "Southernwood," "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," "Desideratus," and "The Crown of White Roses," may be confidently tried on children, and the heart is old indeed that does not warm to them. We like Mr. Bedford's pictures.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

REGULATIONS FOR YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

1. *All MSS. must bear the real name and address of the writer, and also initials or* nom de plume *for designation in* THE BOOKMAN. (*An infringement of this regulation is the frequent cause of the delay in noticing MSS. that are sent.*)

2. *Should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.*

3. *MSS. received on or before the 15th of the month will be noticed, if possible, in the next number.*

4. *Not more than one contribution may be sent by any one contributor in one month.*

5. *The terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application to the*

Editor of the Young Author's Page,
'Bookman' Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London,

to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

ALPHA Z.—An interesting parallel. I think you should read the essay aloud wherever you have an opportunity; doubtless many societies would be glad to hear it. If you wish to publish it, you would have to do so, I fear, in pamphlet form. The comparison is not new enough for the essay to be accepted by a review for the sake of novelty, and its literary form leaves something to be desired. There are slips, repetitions, misspellings, etc. Still, the matter is much too good to be wasted.

ASPIRANT.—You should omit a page and a half, and begin, "I had seen him, etc.," on p. 2. The sketch has some merits, but they are not literary ones. It shows kindly sympathy, and its tone is pleasant. You might offer it to a local editor. But first it needs revision. The style is a mixture of the too formal and too familiar. It lacks ease, which means you need practice.

A. M. C.—This is dignified prose, not poetry. Technically I have little fault to find with it. The metre is all right. But there is nothing vivid, or spontaneous, or magnificent about it. And surely the subject demands that. It is a prosaic paraphrase of one or two great passages in Scripture.

A. S. A.—In fiction it is a pity to suggest a slander if you can't prove it. The story would have been better if you had assumed the rumour to be true. It is highly unsatisfactory just now, but it is not interesting enough to be worth revising or adding to. "True tales" make good stories only if you take the trouble to find their beginning, trace their development, and show the motives of the characters concerned. This takes time and skill.

BEGINNER.—Good of its kind. The S.P.C.A. (Jermyn Street) has, I believe, an organ. Then there is the Selborne Society paper. But I fear your story is too long for either. A children's magazine might take it. There, illustrated, it might be popular. I have no alterations to suggest; and I don't think you need a fuller opinion on this MS.

CAROL.—I am unwilling to judge of your capacities for succeeding in journalism or literature by this specimen. You seem to be doing the wrong kind of thing, and might appear to better advantage in fiction, criticism, or description. This is neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. It is an argument without any reasons—the quotation of the biggest authorities may serve to confirm reasons, but cannot be a substitute for them. Then you have muddled your brief—and your metaphors too. The lady you object to doesn't want to be "an isolated monument" at all; quite the contrary. You should attack her restless desire, rather, and by other means. Do you seriously think that you could be converted from your present opinions if someone told you they had heard a voice in a cathedral saying you were quite wrong and quoting Shakespeare? And if you would not, why should another be more amenable? The matter, the plan, and the thinking are not good enough to make a criticism of the poem very valuable. Send something else—something more robust.

D. S.—I have read your story with very much interest. There is reality in it. It is not, however, as you seem to say in your letter, a study of local characteristics. The dialect somewhat altered, the characters could be shifted to anywhere else in these islands. Nor is it very skilful in a literary way; but it has the root of the matter in it, sincerity and sympathy with human beings. Send this to a local paper in the district whose dialect you have used. In a little, when you have had more practice, you may try more ambitious directions. It may be well to warn you that your very schoolboyish handwriting might be apt to prejudice an editor in a hurry.

FALY.—Sometimes one can judge from a short specimen, but not in your case, savé that you have the practised serial writer's talent of breaking off in the middle of an exciting scene. Send a little more. It opens not badly. Beware of a preachy style, *e.g.*, ll. 12 and 13. Don't begin each sentence on a new line. Study the meaning of a paragraph. The kind of paper is of small importance if it be clean, and have clear handwriting on it.

FILKEN.—Very promising for a "very young author." I don't think this story would be accepted, except perhaps by a temperance journal, but in a few years your mind and style will have strengthened.

G. HALIBURTON.—No. 1 is not very coherent. Nos. 2 and 4 are pretty and commonplace. In No. 3 the rhymes are impossible. You must be more fastidious in thought and wording before you make much of verse-writing.

IGNORAMUS.—Good for first attempts. But I don't advise you to practice this particular form of verse very much. It is so easy to do it indifferently well, but real success demands great exquisiteness in sentiment and wording. Had you written yours in another lyric form they would have seemed too thin, the meaning too obvious. The artificiality of the design helps to disguise this. The usual literary journals accept them "if," as you say, "they are good." But editors generally have too many of them in hand.

INKPOT.—Nos. 1 and 5 are the best. Nos. 2 and 4 are rather trivial for this kind of verse. No. 3 is clumsy, and the metre and rhymes are faulty. When you can say so little in a poem, let it be very pointed.

ITALIAN LAKES.—A pleasant description, breathing enjoyment. But it is too much in the rough; the contents are too little planned for it to be fit for publication. The matter is interesting enough, however, and were you to attend a little to form and style it might be accepted by an editor, especially if you could offer illustrative photographs.

H. J. A.—Excellent sentiments, and the verse is dignified. The last line is faulty in metre, and the opening ones are rather dejected in tone. Send the sonnet to its inspirer, at least. You might offer it to a newspaper of the right political colour.

LEIGH CLAPHAM.—Very pretty indeed, and so promising that I should like to point out one grave fault. The constant habit of quotation, apt and inapt, spoils fine work. This sketch demands simplicity in the narrative. I should revise the MS. from this point of view, taking out all the lines of verse and the catchwords, and then offer it to editors.

MISS PRETENSION.—Your command of a foreign language is wonderful, and does you great credit, but as a medium of literary expression there is nothing like one's own. You have a distinguished countryman who finds it otherwise, but he is a very rare exception. Verse especially demands a perfect mastery of the finest shades. In the first poem (Mother), stanza 1 you mean "rare," not "rarefied." The accents are wrong in stanza 5. "Imploring . . . to abound" is not an admissible construction; and "simply heavenly" has a slangy sound. In the other the mistakes are more numerous. "Where from the West sent me" and "eye-pair" are not English. "Silly" is evidently a desperate rhyme. Do you mean "hearty" as the diminutive of "heart"? Alas, we have a most untender language which does not, at least south of the Tweed, admit of such. "Candour" and "splendour," "bosom" and "halcyon," "rapture" and "treasure," do not rhyme. "Without ostentation"—could a baby be ostentatious? "Will she to her —— party" would sound blasphemous to some, to others comic. One does oneself injustice in writing in a foreign language.

MONTGOMERY.—Very pretty in an artificial kind of way. I don't mean the feeling is not genuine, but the wording is a little conventional. Still, the verses are graceful. By all means send them in the direction you suggest.

M. P. B.—No, this won't do. It is rather commonplace, and rather vague as morality. Write out its substance in two prose paragraphs, and you will see that. And as verse your ear must tell you that it is bad. You might improve yourself in two ways—by trying to think coherently, and by discovering the meaning of metre.

R. G.—The work must represent great labour, and it would be grievous to think of its not being used. I am not sure of the plan being a very good one, but schoolboys would certainly approve of it. You give them too much help and demand too little thinking. At least, the phrases and idioms need some notes to state the general principles that are often involved. Then the section "Notes" should have another name. I looked to it for explanations of the idioms, but it has little to do with that. The exercises seem good, so far as I have tested them. If you keep the present title of the whole, it would mean only a circulation in Scotland. I have named a few publishers to whom you might offer it.

R. A. F. G.—How does one whisper from an aureole? "All such mysteries as these" is vague. The inference from stanza 4 is that a poet is not a mortal man. Verse is much the better for being built on a rock of good sense.

TREASURE.—Many bad sentences. Look at p. 1. "My future home . . . ghost." Indeed, it is all roughly written, but it is a good story, and you should have no difficulty in placing it in a story paper.

UNKNOWN.—Not well planned. You begin with a description of the two parties among the Methodists, but it has nothing to do with the story. After that one thinks that tennis-playing, or John's culture, and not Methodism, is to be the hinge on which the story turns. But nothing of the kind. Then the hero's sister is introduced, and one's hopes rise again, but she, too, is quite unimportant. Your story amounts to this: J. S., a clerk, of humble origin, aspiring mind, and good character, supporting himself and, partially, his parents on £90 a year, falls in love with a rich young lady. Rich young lady dies, and J. S. never marries. There is hardly the germ of a story here, but if you like you could develop it along one or more of these essential lines. Your present filling out is all irrelevant.

WATCHER.—Does it throw any new light on Job? Isn't it rather a mistake to write in tamer verse the substance of a great poem? So much for the plan of your work. The form is fairly good, and leads me to think you would do better were you were not hampered by certain words and phrases which you feel your subject compels you to use.

W. G.—Very good indeed for your age. You were trying to express the inexpressible, and you have done wonderfully well. Keep the verses by you, and see how they strike you a year hence. In the mean-

while in writing more, which you are sure to do, be wary of mistaking rhetoric for poetry. Try to find your own names and your own adjectives for things, and you will do well.

W. H. F.—Perhaps you did not send it in the right direction. A very patriotic journal ought to like it. It is, however, a little jingly in metre, isn't it? You should set it to a rousing tune. Such sentiments sing better than they read.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Apocrypha, Revised Version, 2/- ..... Frowde

ASHLEY, J. M.—Cogitationes Concionales, Short Sermon Reflections founded on St. Thomas Aquinas, 12/- net.

BARRY, A.—The Ecclesiastical Expansion of England in the Growth of the Anglican Communion, 6/-... .....Macmillan

[*The Hulsean Lectures for* 1894-5. *England is treated as having a special mission to Christianise the world. The lectures contain important summaries of missionary enterprise throughout the earth.*]

BERNARD, J. H.—From Faith to Faith, Sermons, 3/6..... Isbister

BERNARD, T. D.—The Songs of the Holy Nativity, 5/-.... Macmillan

[*The evangelical canticles are here considered both in a devotional and a scholarly way. But in its scholarship there is nothing forbidding, or beyond the careful student of the New Testament. The book is bound in a way that makes it suitable for a Christmas gift-book.*]

BIRD, R.—Joseph the Dreamer, 5/-.... .....Longmans

[*See p.* 101.]

CARPENTER, W. B.—Some Thoughts on Christian Reunion, 3/6 net Macmillan

CARPENTER, W. B.—The Great Charter of Christ, 5/- .....Isbister

[*Earnest and manly studies in the Sermon on the Mount.*]

CHURCH, R. W.—Pascal and Other Sermons, 6/- .....Macmillan

Four Foundation Truths: A Message to Churchmen To-day, with Preface by Dean Farrar, 2/6 .....Stock

[*Four addresses by four preachers at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on "The Church and the Bible," "The Church View of Baptism," "The Lord's Supper," and "The Prayer-Book and Absolution."*]

D'ARCY, C. F.—A Short Study of Ethics, 5/- .....Macmillan

GEIKIE, C.—The Apostles, vol. 2, 6/- .....Nisbet

GLOAG, P. J.—The Introduction to the Synoptic Gospels, 7/6 T. & T. Clark

[*The completion of a long and important work—an examination of the genuineness of the books of the New Testament, of their authorship, design, and sources, their language, date, and contents.*]

Glover, Edward, Memorials of, 3/- ..... Macmillan

[*Twelve sermons by, and a memoir of, the late Archdeacon of Capetown.*]

HARDY, Rev. E. J.—In the Footprints of St. Paul, 2/6.....Nisbet

HORE, Rev. A. H.—History of the Church Catholic, 6/- ..... Parker

HORT, F. J. A.—Six Lectures on the Ante-Nicene Fathers, 3/6 Macmillan

[*Delivered at the Clergy Training School at Cambridge in* 1890. *They are written in a popular and pleasing fashion, and contain abundant extracts from the Fathers—Justin Martyr, Irenæus, Clement, Ignatius, and the others, forming altogether a very readable as well as valuable contribution to Church history and the interpretation of dogma.*]

HUDDILSTON, J. H.—Essentials of New Testament Greek, 3/- net Macmillan

HUMPHREYS, A. E.—The Epistles to Timothy and Titus, 3/- Cambridge Press

[*A usefully annotated volume of the Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges.*]

LOVELL, R. H.—First Types of the Christian Life, 5/- net Hodder Bros.

[*Sermons mostly on Scriptural characters, exemplifying enthusiasm, childlike wonder, devout curiosity, and other virtues, selected and edited, since the author's death, by Mr. Edwin Hodder.*]

MITCHELL, Rev. J.—Points and Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers, 2/6

MOULE, H. C. G.—Bishop Ridley on the Lord's Supper

[*This reprint of Ridley's "Brief Declaration" is prefaced by a valuable introduction and a biography of the writer. The book is tastefully printed and bound, and contains some interesting illustrations.*]

OVERTON, R.—Far from Home, 3/6 .....Jarrold

PENNY, Rev. G. R.—The Path of Life, 2/- ..... Mowbray

Pilgrim Steps .....Jarrold

[*Daily Readings from the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the Scriptures. It is so pretty in form that we regret the utter failure of the pictures.*]

FLEMING, S. H.—Fifteen-Minute Sermons, 5/- .....Stock

HARPER, Rev. A.—The Book of Deuteronomy, 7/6 .....Hodder

ROBINSON, A.—The Saviour in the Newer Light, 7/6 net Blackwood

SMITH, Rev. S. F.—Reasons for Rejecting Anglican Orders, 1/- C.T.S.

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" Words of Cheer for Daily Life, 2/- .... Passmore

VICKERS, J.—The Crucifixion Mystery, a Review of the Great Charge against the Jews, 3/6 ..... Williams and N.

WILLIAMSON, M. B.—The Truth and the Witness, 4/6 .. Macmillan

DALE, R. W.—The Epistle of St. James, and other Discourses, 6/- Hodder

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[*A rather successful example of engraving in colours. The pictures are gaudy, but the colouring is well managed.*]
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MARSDEN, R.—Cotton Weaving, 10/6 .....Bell and Sons
MAREY, E. J.—Movement, translated by E. Pritchard, 7/6 Heinemann
MAY, PHIL.—Sketch-Book, 50 Cartoons, 10/6 ..Winter Annual Office
Midsummer Night's Dream, A., illustrated by R. Anning Bell, edited by Israel Gollancz .....Dent
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[*See Supplement.*]
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[*See p.* 100.]
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STUART, D. M. D.—The Origin and Rationale of Colliery Explosions, 7/6 net .....Simpkin
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TILDEN, W. A.—Hints on the Teaching of Elementary Chemistry, 2/- .....Longmans
TOWNSEND, J. H.—Spiral Stairs, or the Heavenward Course of the Church's Seasons, 3/6 .....Hodder
Universal Portrait Gallery, 6/- .....Cassell
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WARREN, J.—Elementary Treatise on Heat and Steam Engine, 6/- Simpkin
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MISCELLANEOUS.

A B C, an Alphabet written and pictured by Mrs. A. Gaskin, 3/6 net E. Mathews
[*See Supplement.*]
ADAMS, H. C.—School and University, 3/6.....Routledge
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An Original Wager. By A Vagabond.....Warne
[*Very original. One Briton, who knew France better than most of his compatriots, wagered he would live six weeks in France by sport alone, and he was laughed to scorn by his friend, who looked on Frenchmen as puny things, with no healthy athletic interests at all. The adventures of the sportsmen in France are really amusing, and the illustrations are as good.*]
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Banbury Cross Series, The: Blue Beard and Puss in Boots; Ali Baba; The House that Jack Built; Fireside Stories; Little Red Riding Hood and Tom Thumb; Æsop's Fables; Aladdin, 1/- each ..... Dent
[*Quite the daintiest of editions. Mrs. Rhys tells the stories charmingly; various artists have illustrated them, and the pretty covers tied with ribbons must make the books seem treasures in children's eyes.*]
BARING-GOULD, S.—A Book of Nursery Rhymes, illustrated, 6/- Methuen
[*See p.* 101.]
BARING-GOULD, S.—Old English Fairy Tales, illustrated, 6/- Methuen
[*See p.* 101.]
BELLOC, B. R.—In a Walled Garden, 6/-..... Ward and Downey
BENSON, A. C.—Essays, 7/6 .....Heinemann
BESANT, A.—In the Outer Court, 2/- net.....Theos. Pub. Co.
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[*A valuable book for the serious chess student, containing much that will not be found in other works. It contains heresies which the initiate would do well to examine impartially.*]
BRIGHTWEN, Mrs.—Inmates of my House and Garden .....Unwin
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COX, M. R.—An Introduction to Folk-lore, 3/6 ..... Nutt
[*See p.* 99.]
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Day of Days Annual, The; Hand and Heart .....Home Words
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[*See p.* 88.]
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Fairy Tales Far and Near, retold by Q, 3/6 ..... Cassell
[*See Supplement.*]
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Fireside, The, Pictorial Annual, 1895 .....Home Words Office
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OVERINGTON, L.—Random Rhymes and Christmas Chimes, 5/- net Digby
PARRY, E. A.—Katawampus, 3/6.....Nutt
[*See p.* 101.]
PETRE, M. D.—Æthiopum Servus, 2/6.....Osgood
PHILLIPS, E.—How to Become a Journalist, 2/-.....S. Low
[*So far as such a book can be practical this one is so. The advice is meant specially for provincial journalists, as the writer thinks in London beginners have little chance.*]
PYLE, H.—The Garden behind the Moon, 6/-.....Lawrence & Bullen
[*See p.* 101.]
PYLE, H.—Twilight Land, 6/-.....Osgood
[*See Supplement.*]
RINDER, F.—Old-World Japan, illustrated.....G. Allen
ROBERTS, W.—The Book-hunter in London.....Stock
[*See Supplement.*]
SAINTSBURY, G.—Essays in English Literature, 1780-1860, 2nd Series, 6/- net ..... Dent
SALA, G. A.—The Thorough Good Cook, 21/-.....Cassell
SHARP, W.—Ecce Puella, and other Prose Imaginings....E. Mathews
Silver Fairy Book, The, illustrated, 6/-.....Hutchinson
Silver Link, The, 2/-.....S.S.U.
[*An illustrated magazine for the young, religious in tone. The pictures should be better. The letterpress is varied enough.*]
Sindbad the Sailor and Ali Baba, illustrated by W. Strang and J. B. Clark, 7/6.....Lawrence & Bullen
[*See Supplement.*]
Story of the Sea, edited by Q., vol. 1, 9/-.....Cassell
[*See Supplement.*]
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[*A very amusing picture-book, the text in lively verse, the illustrations cleverly absurd.*]
TOTTEN, C. A. L.—Our Race, its Origin and Destiny, 2/6 net Tower Publishing Company
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WALKER, J. H.—The Management of Children, 2/6 ..... Longmans
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WHISHAW, F. J.—The Romance of the Woods, 6/- ..... Longmans
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World of Wit and Humour, The, illustrated.....Cassell
[*A perfect treasure-house for the boy, and for the grave, responsible persons who get up penny-readings. The wit and humour are enormous in quantity and of the kind to make you laugh.*]
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[*See Supplement.*]
HIGGENS, E.—Hebrew Idolatry and Superstition.....Stock
[*The subject is regarded from a folk-lorist's point of view.*]

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between October 15th and November 15th, 1895:—

LONDON, W.C.

1. Trilby. 6s.
2. Stevenson's Vailima Letters. 7s. 6d.
3. Ian Maclaren's The Days of Auld Lang Syne. 6s.
4. Hatch and Chalmers' Gold Mines of the Rand. 17s. net.
5. Younghusband, Defence of Chitral. 8s. 6d. net,
6. Hardy, Jude the Obscure. 6s.

Trade brisk.

LONDON, E.C.

1. Days of Auld Lang Syne. 6s. (Hodder.)
2. Holiest of All. 6s. (Nisbet.)
3. The Master's Guide. 1s. 6d. (Stock.)
4. The Clergy and the Catechism. 3s. 6d. (Skeffington.)
5. Two Dutch Dolls. 6s. (Longmans.)
6. The Book Hunter in London. 21s. net. (Stock.)

General revival of retail trade, first editions of modern authors being asked for and purchased at fair prices.

MANCHESTER.

1. Maclaren's Days of Auld Lang Syne.
2. Maclaren's Bonnie Brier Bush.
3. Dale's Epistle of James.
4. Hardy's Jude the Obscure.
5. Trilby.
6. Famous Cricketers.

BURNLEY.

1. J. Marshall Mather's Lancashire Idylls. 6s. (Warne & Co.)
2. Ian Maclaren, The Days of Auld Lang Syne. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
3. Marie Corelli's Sorrows of Satan. 6s. (Methuen.)
4. Caroline Masters' Shuttle of Fate. 3s. 6d. (Warne & Co.)
5. Lane's Edition of Arabian Nights. 2s. (Bliss, Sands & Foster.)
6. Ernest Evans' Science of Health. 1s. (Lupton Bros., Burnley.)

BIRMINGHAM.

1. Kipling, The Second Jungle Book.
2. Corelli, The Sorrows of Satan.
3. Ian Maclaren, The Days of Auld Lang Syne.
4. R. W. Dale, The Epistle of James.
5. Spielmann, The History of Punch.
6. Ruskin, Studies in Both Arts.

BRADFORD.

1. Corelli, Sorrows of Satan. 6s. (Heinemann.)
2. Maclaren, Auld Lang Syne. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
3. Austin Dobson, Story of Rosina. 5s. (K. Paul.)
4. Grahame, Golden Age. 3s. 6d. net. (Dent.)
5. Stevenson, Vailima Letters. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)
6. Harrison, Studies in Early Victorian Literature. 10s. 6d. (Arnold.)

GLASGOW.

1. The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
2. Christian Doctrine of Immortality. By Professor Salmond, D.D. 14s. (T. & T. Clark.)
3. The Second Jungle Book. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
4. London Idylls. By W. J. Dawson. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
5. Life's Byways and Waysides. By J. R. Miller, D.D. 3s. 6d. (Nelson.)
6. Twenty Years in Khama's Country. By Rev. J. D. Hepburn. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

YORK.

1. The Days of Auld Lang Syne. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
2. The Chronicles of Count Antonio. 6s. (Methuen.)
3. Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. 6s.
4. Men of the Moss Hags. 6s. (Isbister & Co.)
5. Robinson Crusoe and Arabian Nights. 2s. each. (Bliss, Sands & Foster.)
6. Essays in Criticism. 5s. (Macmillan.)

SUNDERLAND.

1. Ian Maclaren, Auld Lang Syne. 6s.
2. Ian Maclaren, Bonnie Brier Bush. 6s.
3. Crockett's Men of the Moss Hags. 6s.
4. Du Maurier, Trilby. 6s.
5. Horton, Teaching of Jesus. 3s. 6d.
6. Conan Doyle, Stark Munro Papers. 6s.

ABERDEEN.

1. The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
2. Trilby. By Du Maurier. 6s. (Osgood.)
3. The Teaching of Jesus. By R. F. Horton. 3s. 6d. (Isbister.)
4. Keith's Plea for a Simpler Life. 2s. 6d. (A. & C. Black.)
5. Fielding's and Smollett's Novels. New reissue. 3s. 6d. (Routledge.)
6. The Saviour in the Newer Light. By Rev. A. Robinson. 7s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)

EDINBURGH.

1. Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
2. John Knox. By P. Hume Brown. 2 vols. 24s. (A. & C. Black.)
3. Vailima Letters. By Robert Louis Stevenson. 7s. 6d. (Methuen & Co.)
4. The Second Jungle Book. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan & Co.)
5. The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Methuen & Co.)
6. College Sermons. By Benjamin Jowett, M.A. 7s. 6d. (John Murray.)

DUBLIN (1).

1. Memoir of Mother Raphael Drane. By Fr. Wilberforce. 7s. 6d. (Longman.)
2. Geoffrey Austin, Student. 3s. 6d. (Gill & Son.)
3. An Isle in the Water. By Katharine Tynan Hinkson. 3s. 6d. (Black.)
4. Schoolboys Three. By W. P. Kelly. 6s. (Downey & Co.)
5. Frieze and Fustian. By M. E. Francis. 3s. 6d. (Osgood.)
6. The Story of the Earth. By H. G. Seeley. 1s. (Geo. Newnes.)

DUBLIN (2).

1. Dr. Jowett, College Sermons. 6s.
2. Ian Maclaren, Days of Auld Lang Syne. 6s.
3. Du Maurier, Trilby. 6s.
4. Crockett, Men of the Moss Hags. 6s.
5. Dr. Bernard, From Faith to Faith. Sermons. 3s. 6d.
6. Margaret Stokes, Three Months in the Forests of France. 12s. net.

We guarantee the authenticity of the above lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

TRADE NOTES.

LONDON, W.C.

Trade continues exceptionally brisk, with every appearance of its continuing. A great run of first editions generally.

LONDON, E.C.

Second-hand trade quieter than usual for the time of year; fair demand for works relating to America, old editions of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, also demand for works of fiction and books of a sporting character.

LIVERPOOL.

Business still improving, but not up to the usual mark for this time of the year.

BIRMINGHAM.

Business good, much better than this time last year. Students' books in most demand. There is also a good demand for first editions.

DERBY.

Little improvement is felt this month in second-hand trade, and theology is most in demand.

In new books, Trilby still keeps the lead, followed by Jude the Obscure, Ian Maclaren's Auld Lang Syne, and Stevenson's Vailima Letters.

Good export demand for fine art books, and the nearly defunct L.P. copy.

YORK.

The demand here is yet principally for current fiction, educational and scientific works. Standard theology sells well, but topography has been slower.

During 1895 there has been a less number of auction sales than for some years past, yet the second-hand booksellers have been able to maintain as good a show as usual.

BOOKS WANTED.

[Lists of Books Wanted have occasionally to be omitted owing to the senders' names and addresses not being attached.]

ANDERSON & SON, DUMFRIES.

Lewis' Life of Goethe.
Anderson (Surfaceman's) Poems.
Ramage's Drumlanrig, etc.
Hogg's Life of Dr. Wightman.
Moorland Rhymes, 1st edition.
Harper's Rambles in Galloway.
McKerlie's Lands and Owners in Galloway.
McTaggart's Scottish Gallovedian Encyclopædia.
Trotter's Galloway Gossip.
McDiarmid's Picture of Dumfries.
Mayne's Siller Gun, 1st edition.
Recreations of a Country Parson, illustrated edition.
History of St. Michael's Churchyard, Dumfries, by McDowall.

BARNICOTT & PEARCE, TAUNTON.

Life of Countess of Huntingdon.
Lady Cyclist, Oct.

EDWARD BAKER, 14 & 16, JOHN BRIGHT STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

Slater, Engravings and their Values.
Wilhelm Meister, 3 vols., 1824.
Soldiers Three, 1st edit., pub. 1s.
Alexander, Bushfighting, 1873.
Moore's Alps in 1864, 40s. offered.
Behmen's Works by Law, 4 vols, 40s. offered.
Farmer's Slang, 3 vols., 50s. offered.
Earth not a Globe, 1881, 3 copies wanted, 3s. 6d. each given.

BRIGDEN & CO., GLOUCESTER.

Ward's Men of the Reign (Routledge).
Indexes Illustrated London News and Graphic, any years.

E. BOND, THE ROOKERY, EYE, SUFFOLK.

Bookman for Jan., 1895.
Stevenson's Child's Garden of Verses.
Suffolk books.

THOMAS CARVER, 6, HIGH STREET, HEREFORD.

Bookplates on approval for cash.
Robinson, Mansions and Manors of Herefordshire.
Coxe, View of Cultivation of Fruit-trees in the U.S., 1847.
Kenrick, New American Orchardist, 1833.
Stafford (Hugh), Treatise on Cyder Making.
Lang, Ancassin and Nicolette.
" Ballads, etc., of Old France.
Kae's Verses, etc., ed. by Lang.

ALFRED COOPER, 68, CHARING CROSS ROAD, W.C.

Martial, Index Expurgatorius.
Voltaire, La Pucelle d'Orleans.
Dorat, Les Baisers.
Le Temple de Guide.
Rambler's Magazine.
Sketches by Boz, in parts.
Pickwick, in parts.
Salome, Oscar Wilde.
Old English Plays or Poems dated between 1600 and 1750.
Any old broadsides.

WM. D'ALBY, 12, HOLTHAM ROAD, ST. JOHN'S WOOD, LONDON, N.W.

Fouché Memoirs, 1823, 2 vols.
Flowers of Paradise, by Hallward, 1888.

Praise of Folly, a poem.
Missionary Society Transactions, London, 1799 onwards.
Greene's Russian Army, 1877, atlas only.

ELLIS & ELVEY, 29, NEW BOND ST., W.

Weld (C. R.), Continental Fragments.
Stewart (J.), Genevieve, 1810.
Campbell (L. D.), Life of McCarthy Boyd, 1798.
Butler (Rev. P.), Adel and Valborg, 1874.
Castillo (J.), Poems, Yorkshire Dialect.
Comic Offering, vol. 2, 1832.

GEORGE GREGORY, 5, ARGYLE STREET, BATH.

Annals of the Four Masters.
Rochester's Poems, including Cabinet of Love.
Kerslake's Supremacy of Mercia, pamphlet.
Hargrave Jennings's The Rosicrucians, last edition.
Key of Solomon.

GOULDEN & CURRY, 61, HIGH STREET, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

McCarthy's Four Georges, vols. 1 and 2, clo.
Molesworth's England, unabridged, clo.
Bright's England, 4 vols., or 3 and 4, clo.

JAGGARD & CO, 81, LORD STREET, LIVERPOOL.

(Any works by following authors, soiled or ex-library copies, will be accepted.)

Grant Allen, Barrie, Blackmore, Besant, Black, Braddon, Bronte, Crawford, Crockett, Caine, Corelli, Conan Doyle, Du Maurier, Ebers, Fenn, Baring Gould, Sarah Grand, Gissing, Haggard, Hardy, Harraden, Jerome, Kipling, Lang, Edna Lyall, George Macdonald, George Meredith, Ian Maclaren, Helen Mathers, F. Montgomery, Max O'Rell, Mrs. Oliphant, Clark Russell, R. L. Stevenson, Frank Stockton, Mark Twain, B. Whitby, Mrs. H. Ward, S. Weyman, Mrs. Hy. Wood, I. Zangwill.

(Reports without prices are fruitless.)

Cook's Voyages, complete edition.
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Claret, Freemasonry (with lock and key).
White, Selborne, 8vo, Macmillan.
Any miniature or tiny books.
Burke, Extinct Peerage.
" " Baronetage.

LEDWARD, BIBBY & CO., 26, CHAPEL STREET, LIVERPOOL.

Col. Titus' Killing no Murder.
Any works on Mexico posterior to 1853.

LUPTON BROS., BURNLEY.

Balfour's Philosophic Doubt.
Goldsmith's Works, good edit.
Smith's Wealth of Nations, good edit.
Proceedings Society Engineers, 1882-1894.
Napoleon Raconte sur S. Image.
Hyndman's Hist. Basis of Socialism.

FRANK MURRAY, MORAY HOUSE, DERBY.

Nichol's History of Leicestershire, and any works relating to the county not already in stock.
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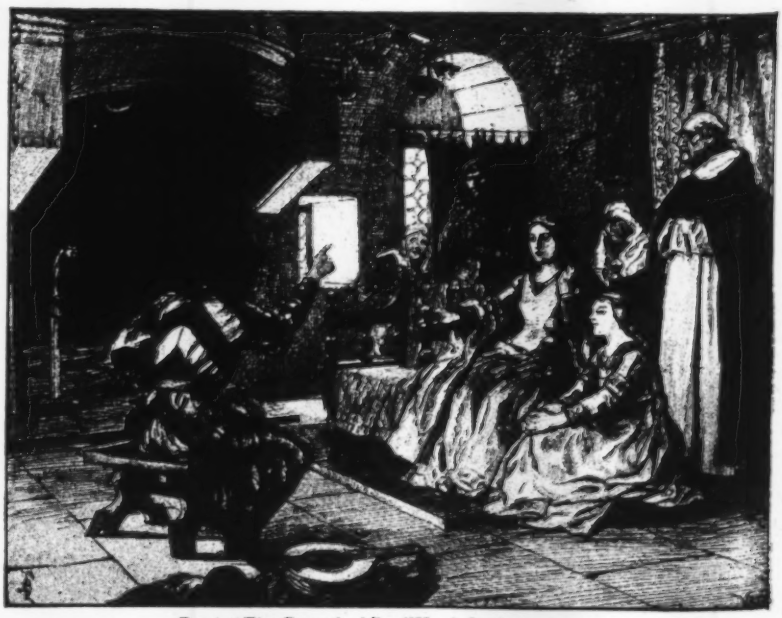

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(See p. 4.)

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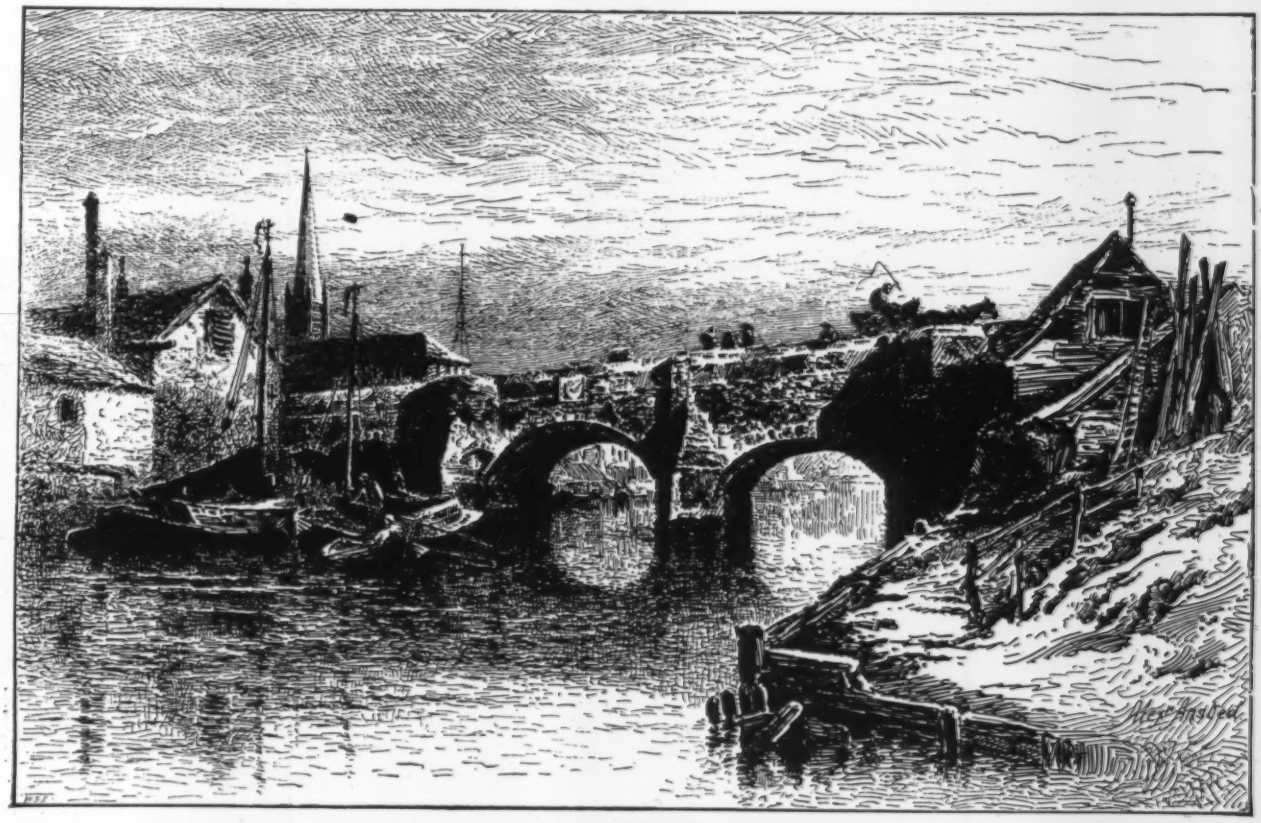

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(Illustration on p. 11.)

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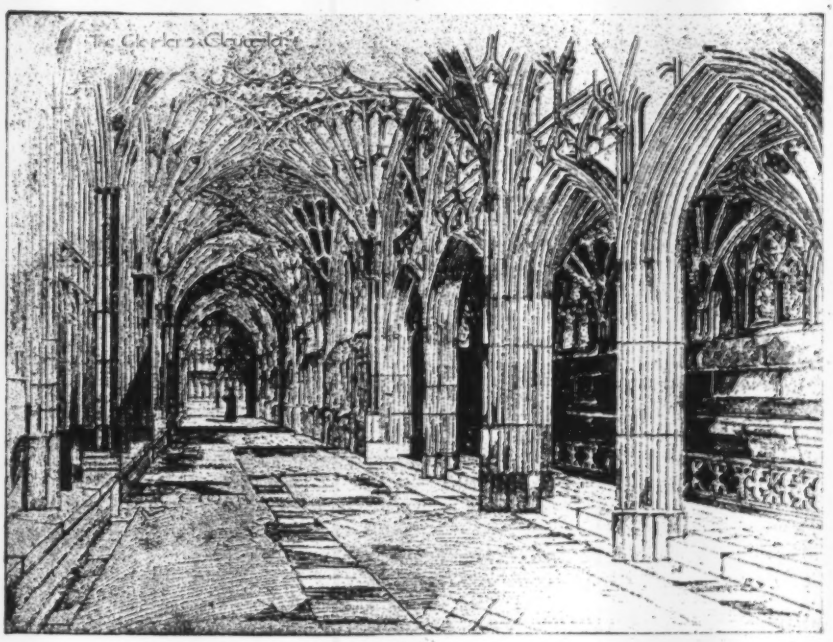

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